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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[HER NEW ESTATE.]

ALICE DESMOND'S TROTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"That Young Person," "Why She Forsook Him," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

LORD BOLTON'S SPRAIN.

Make good speed.

Commend me to the lady.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Is ANYTHING the matter, mother?"

The question came from the eldest of Lady Bolton's daughters, a fine girl, with flaxen hair and bright blue eyes, her father's special favourite, and the general peace-maker whenever one was needed at the castle.

"Nothing, Fanny. Why do you ask?"

"You look as though something disagreeable had taken place. It is all so strange this gentleman's coming."

"My dear child, your father has known Mr. Marston for years; there is nothing the least extraordinary in his coming here. The news he brought was certainly strange."

"What was it, mamma?"

"Suppose you try to guess, Meg, as your curiosity is so apparent."

"Someone very rich has fallen in love with Fanny, and sent to ask papa for her."

Fanny blushed crimson, and said:

"Nonsense!"

Lady Bolton only laughs, and observes:

"Try again, Meg."

"Someone has left papa a great deal of money."

The mother shook her head.

"Then I can't guess. I give it up."

"Do you remember Lord Ashley?"

"Very well," answered Meg, who, if she had her brother's share of curiosity in addition to her own, used often to take Fanny's part in the conversation, and talk enough for herself and sister too. "I liked him very much indeed, he used to be so kind to me."

"Do you know why, Meg?"

"Fanny thought he must have had a daughter of his own, and I reminded him of her," said Meg, in a gentle tone.

"He had a daughter of his own, Meg, and she is coming here next week."

The news was told, then Lady Bolton's daughters could only look at her in amazement.

"I would rather you should know something about her history before she comes," said their mother, gravely. "Your father was Lord Ashley's dearest friend. By his Will he was left his daughter's trustee and personal guardian in case of her mother's death. Lady Ashley died on Monday. Mr. Marston came here to consult your father about Lady Alice's future."

"Poor girl," said Fanny, softly.

"But if the earl had a wife and child, why did he live alone?" persisted Meg, who unfor-

tunately had a thorough gift for cross-questioning.

"Lord and Lady Ashley were separated by mutual consent," said Lady Bolton, who really found the matter very difficult to explain. "No blame attaches to the countess; she was very gentle and loved an obscure life. You must try and remember, my dears, that Lady Alice knows nothing of her father. All her love and regrets will be for her mother; her home will be with us at least until she is twenty-one, and I look to you both to do your best to make her happy."

"Mamma, do you like having her?"

"I should not like your father breaking his promise to his old friend, Meg."

"It seems rather hard papa should have to keep her."

"He will not have to keep her in the way you mean, Meg. Lady Alice is a great heiress. The allowance for her support is most liberal; so liberal that it will be a serious help to us."

"I shan't like her if she's rich," said Meg; "heiresses are always disagreeable."

"She has not been an heiress long," observed Lady Bolton. "She has lived with her mother in comparative poverty. At this moment she has no idea of her title or fortune."

"How new and strange it will all be to her," said Fanny, gently. "Mamma, you have not told us how old she is."

"Eighteen. She must be presented with Meg next season. It is a great responsibility, for I know nothing of her past life. She may be half educated, utterly unfit to take her position in the world as Lady Alice Morton. Fanny, you must help her in many ways, and try to make her one of us."

"Lord Ashley's daughter must be a lady, mamma."

"I'm sure I hope so, but the earl married very much beneath him, and all her life Lady Alice has lived in a little country village. I feel very anxious until we have seen her. I am only sorry we have visitors in the house."

"When is she coming, mamma?"

"Mr. Marston will take her to London on Friday or Saturday, and your father is to go and see her there. She will not come to us until Monday. I wanted him to see her first that I might know what she was like."

"I hope she won't be very gauche," began Meg; "I am sure to laugh if she is."

"She will improve," decided Lady Bolton, hopefully; "remember she is half an Ashley. She must live with us for three years, so I hope we may like her."

"I wonder what Edwin will say."

"Probably not notice her," answered Lady Bolton; "he is not much at home, and cares little for young ladies generally. No, the brunt of entertaining her will fall on you girls."

"She is sure to like Fancy. I think Fancy would tame anyone," said Meg, laughing.

Fancy was a pet name for the elder sister, and unlike most pet names it suited her; hers was just such a face as artists put in a fancy picture.

"Man appoints—" You know the old adage, reader. Lord Bolton had decided to go to London on Saturday and meet his ward. When Saturday came the poor was laid up with a sprained ankle, and his travelling was impossible.

Very wrath was he; never before had such a mishap befallen him. Why couldn't he have sprained his ankle on any other day of the three hundred and sixty-five? What was to become of Lady Alice? Lord Bolton had loved her father very truly, and he was anxious to show all kindness to his child.

He would have despatched his wife to London, but with guests at the castle it was impossible. Very reluctantly he wrote to Mr. Marston, deputing him to explain the accident to Lady Alice, and promising to appear in Bedford Square without fail on the following Tuesday.

It was rather a reprieve to Alice than otherwise; the lawyer's wife had received her with all kindly courtesy, and the orphan felt a great dread of the new life at the castle.

Mrs. Marston had a keen sympathy for the lonely girl. She understood the ordeal which awaited her, and during the two days her husband's ward was her guest she devoted her time entirely to her, insisted on taking her for drives in the deserted park, made more purchases in her name than Alice would ever have dreamed of, so that she might appear at Bolton Castle not so unlike a young lady of fashion. These are the days of ready-made things. Mrs. Marston obtained a cheque from her husband and did her work well.

Lady Alice Morton soon possessed more dresses than Alice Desmond had dreamed of.

Meanwhile, Lord Bolton's refractory ankle did not improve, and his guests did not take their leave.

On Tuesday morning he announced his intention of starting for London, wife, guests, all alike endeavoured to dissuade him, in vain, the peer was set on doing his duty, and that duty he believed was to go himself to welcome his ward.

A wilful man must have his way, and so the dogcart came to the door, and leaving the ladies to entertain their guests with such assistance as Lady Bolton's nephew could give them, Edwin and his father set off in good time for the eleven o'clock express from Fulton, a station considerably nearer to the castle than the timeworthy city of Elchester.

On this occasion Captain Bolton acted as amateur coachman, solely by his own pleasure, for a small boy in buttons was behind, and would have been quite capable of driving the steady mare, but Edwin, who considered his father quite unfit for the journey, had determined to see him safely into the train.

"Of all the mad expeditions I believe this is

the maddest," observed the son, who enjoyed the custom of speaking his mind pretty freely to the father whom, after all, he loved best in the world; "unless Lady Alice Morton be devoid of reason, she could not expect a lame man to rush off at her beck and call."

"It is my own choice, Edwin. I am most anxious all fitting respect should be paid to Lady Alice Morton, however she may turn out."

"You don't speak very hopefully of your protégée," returned the son, lowering his voice so as to render their conversation inaudible to the pitcher with long ears behind.

"My dear Edwin," confessed Lord Bolton, "I don't feel so; Ashley married beneath him; this girl's grandfather retailed greengrocery. I shall think myself lucky if Lady Alice knows how to read and write."

"Whew!" whistled Edwin. "Yet Lord Ashley was a man of singular refinement. Did you ever see the mother?"

"Never!"

"She might have been above her surroundings, or what could he have seen in her?"

"She had a pretty face. I daresay her daughter doesn't possess that; women who are married for their beauty proverbially have ugly children."

"My dear father, under these circumstances your journey appears to me all the more unnecessary."

"Not at all. I must see her if only to judge what I am to do with her."

"Why I thought she was to come to the castle."

"Yes, but if she is very bad I must make some excuse about her recent bereavement, and not introduce her to our friends until she is a little civilised."

"Then you really are going on a tour of inspection?"

"Precisely." They had reached the station. The peer left the dogcart with difficulty, and essayed to walk on the platform.

Captain Bolton busied himself in getting the ticket and other minor details. When he came back, his father was leaning heavily on a porter's arm.

"It's no use, my lord," urged his son; "it's impossible that you can go to London, why you would want me with you as a walking-stick."

Lord Bolton sank heavily on a seat, and the porter having been "remembered" walked off.

"Would you go instead of me, Edwin?" inquired his father. "I really shan't be of much use when I get there."

Edwin Bolton was staggered at the proposal. Had Lady Alice Morton been an ordinary young lady, he would have refused, but from his father's description he began to regard her as a nonentity that would not need to be talked to, but simply be transported in safety to the castle.

He really wished his father to stay at home; in a weak moment (as he afterwards phrased it) he yielded.

"I'll go, father, make haste and give me all directions, the train's due now."

"Here's Marston's address," said the peer, producing a card from his pocket. "You can sleep there or at an hotel as you please, but spend the evening there and see what the girl's like; bring her down to-morrow by the two o'clock train from Charing Cross; I'll send to meet it."

"I can't possibly see what she's like. I'll undertake the rest."

"Well, take her straight to the morning room and send your mother to her if it strikes you she isn't quite all we could wish; if she is it doesn't matter. Here's a cheque—you'll want money, you know. I really am very much obliged to you, Edwin."

"Of all the victims in the world, I'm the greatest," decided Edwin, as he whirled rapidly away towards London. "I, who hate trouble of all kinds, am sent to London avowedly to discover what a young lady is like. I'm delighted to save the governor annoyance, of course, and

I'll see to Lady Alice's bodily safety to the best of my ability; but as to deciding whether she is 'all one could wish,' why I can't do it. What girl ever was all one could wish, I wonder. I must see her safely to the castle, shut her up in the morning room, and fetch my mother, then my toil will end; it's rather like going to fetch home some extraordinary curiosity. Why couldn't old Marston do the job, he's much more fitted for it?"

"Edwin gone to London to fetch a young lady?" observed Lady Bolton, on her husband's return. "Will wonders ever cease? and really, Charles, I don't think it was at all the right thing to send him. Lady Alice could very well have travelled with her maid, or waited in London till you were better."

Poor Lord Bolton, he had neither pleased his wife or son, it remains to be seen whether he had pleased his ward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HEIRESS.

Only this praise I can afford her:
That were she other than she is,
She were unbandome. SHAKESPEARE.

PEOPLE never do the right thing when they are in a hurry, and Lord Bolton was in a very great hurry when he gave his son Mr. Marston's address, therefore it is not at all extraordinary that he handed the captain a card inscribed with the solicitor's chambers in the Middle Temple, instead of his non-official residence in Bedford Square.

Edwin Bolton was of a nature to take things easily; he drove straight from the terminus to his club, discussed a very pleasant luncheon, and then set off in a cab to Mr. Marston's; it was then not far from five o'clock, and that gentleman, expecting Lord Bolton at his own house at three, had already quitted the office. Edwin merely asked to see Mr. Marston without stating his business; he waited fully half an hour, and was then ushered into the presence of the junior partner.

"Mr. Marston has gone home," began this personage, politely, "perhaps, sir you would favour me with the nature of your business?"

"I expect there is some mistake," returned Edwin, equably. "My business with Mr. Marston was by special appointment, and related to his ward, the Lady Alice Morton."

"Have I the pleasure of addressing a friend of Lord Bolton?"

"I am his son. My father is unable to leave home, and has deputed me his representative."

"Then, my dear sir, I must tell you my partner expected Lord Bolton in Bedford Square at three o'clock; he left early especially to receive his lordship."

A handsomely-furnished room in the solicitor's house in Bedford Square; Alice Morton sitting before a large mirror, Martha arranging her hair in its simple coils.

"Be brave, miss, dear, I mean my lady. Lord Bolton was a friend of your papa. There's no need to be afraid of him."

"He will hate me for troubling him," said Alice, sadly. "His fine lady wife and daughters will look down on me. Oh, Martha, I wish we were back at Ashton, and I wish, oh! how I wish mamma was with us once more."

The old servant wiped away a tear.

"The past is past, my dear young lady. You can't help missing her that's gone, but, indeed, you are too gloomy. Nothing could be kinder than Lord Bolton's message."

"Words cost little, Martha."

"You didn't used to be so suspicious, my lady."

"If Lord Bolton really felt kindly towards me he would have come sooner. He said he should be here at three. Mr. Marston came home on purpose to receive him. The whole afternoon I have sat in an agony of expectation at every knock and ring."

"By this time to-morrow we shall be at the castle, and you will be more cheerful, my lady."

rejoined Martha, with a desperate attempt at hopefulness.

Alice said nothing. She looked at her old friend with a wistful smile, and went down to the drawing-room. Her hostess was not there. Alice was alone; she sat down wearily on a low chair.

It was not yet a fortnight since she had stood by William Gordon's side in the wood; the day when he was to return and claim her was not yet come. He would find her gone. Alice hoped they two would never meet again. How much had happened since she saw him! How changed she was even in that little time!

Her recent sorrow showed yet in her fair face; her large, soft eyes had a strange yearning expression, as though seeking something they would never see again. Her smile was pitiful in its sadness, and she had lost much of her colour. She looked more like a beautiful statue than a girl full of life and hope; but at this moment Alice had no hope; her mother's death had left her desolate; she would not, could not, hope.

The door opened, the footman announced Captain Bolton, and then departed to seek his master.

Edwin did not see the slight figure standing in the window gazing at the unfascinating prospect.

She had not caught his name, but she had heard someone enter, and supposing it to be her host, advanced to meet him. In a moment she saw it was a stranger; her deep mourning told Edwin whom she was.

"I think you must be Lady Alice Morton. My father, Lord Bolton, regretted extremely not being able to come to town to-day, he hoped you would allow me to escort you to the castle to-morrow."

He held out his hand: She did not appear to see it.

"Are you Lord Bolton's son?"

"Yes," returned the captain, surprised at the question.

"Will you tell him, please, from me, that I do not want to go to the castle, Mr. Bolton?"

The Honourable Captain Bolton looked at Lady Alice Morton in bewilderment. His father and mother had for days been discussing what to do with her when she reached them; he himself had come sorely against his inclination to be her escort, and now she did not want to go.

"Lady Alice," he said, coldly, "I will certainly take your message to Lord Bolton. We do not wish to receive an unwilling guest, but I know not how far we can help ourselves. Lord Ashley's Will specially directs that, upon your mother's death, you should live until your majority under your guardian's protection."

He saw her wince at the allusion to her mother, and he said, in a kinder tone:

"Don't you think it would be wiser to come and try us instead of making up your mind to be wretched? It does not do to sound one's own praises, but as I very seldom am at the castle myself, perhaps I may be allowed to say that it is not a very terrible place, and some people have even contrived to be very happy there."

"You are laughing at me, sir."

"Far from it. I am only sorry you should show such dislike to coming amongst us."

"It is not that."

"What is it then?" He had determined she was a spoiled child, and must be humoured accordingly. He wished she would raise her head and let him see what her face was like, at present all he knew was that she had glorious hair. "What are your own wishes, Lady Alice? Where would you like to live?"

"Nowhere."

"Pardon me, but surely that is impossible."

"Well, then, I would like to live anywhere where people would not think me a burden."

"And who has thought you a burden?"

"You will. Oh, I can see it all," clasping her hands, and her voice shaking with sobs. "You will all be ashamed of me; your sisters

will look down on me, and your mother will hate me. I can't help being Lord Ashley's daughter. I can't help his having made your father my guardian. I never lived among great people. I was always poor, and I would much rather go on being poor. Riches didn't make my mother happy; she died of unkindness."

And the girl buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Poor Edwin; never had he been in such a perplexity; never had he so lamented his father's accident. Would Mr. Marston never come? Must he stay here alone with a weeping girl he had never seen before?

But Edwin Bolton, with all his faults, was thoroughly kind-hearted; he felt for the lonely creature to whom her heiress-ship seemed to bring so little pleasure, and so he crossed over to her sofa, sat down beside her, and began the best consolation he could think of.

"Don't cry, please; I can't bear to see a woman cry. Of course you feel strange and cut up, and all that, but you'll soon get used to us; we are not at all terrible, really, and as to hating you, my sister Fanny never hated anything in her life. We were all too fond of Lord Ashley not to try and make his daughter happy if only she will let us."

"Did you know my father?"

"Of course I did. He and Lord Bolton were the greatest friends, and don't you see, so far from thinking you a burden or anything of that sort, we shall be only too glad to have you for your father's sake. Come," he said, persuasively, "you'll let me take you to my mother to-morrow, and if you're very miserable at the castle father shall write to the Lord Chancellor and see if you can't go and live with someone you like better."

And at that moment Mr. Marston appeared.

"A thousand pardons, Captain Bolton. I was dressing for dinner when your card reached me. I hope your father is not worse." Then, as Alice made her escape, "I see you have made acquaintance with my ward."

Edwin briefly explained how he came to be his father's substitute.

"You will dine with us, of course?"

The captain looked down in all humility at his frockcoat, but he was overpersuaded.

"What a frightened, timid child she is," he said, alluding to Lady Alice.

"She has plenty of pride."

"So it appears. Fancy, her greeting to me was she did not want to go to Bolton Castle."

"I found her in a miserable six-roomed cottage making a black dress. She told me she was thinking how to earn some money, for when their debts were paid she would have just ten pounds in the world."

"Poor child."

"She's not exactly a child, Captain Bolton. She has the makings of a noble woman."

"What was the mother like?"

"As true a lady as ever breathed; as beautiful as her daughter."

"Is she beautiful?"

"My dear sir, where are your eyes. She has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw. Your father will not retain his ward very long, I expect."

"And she is immensely rich?"

"She has fifty thousand pounds a year."

Mrs. Marston came in now, leading Lady Alice, and at the same moment dinner was announced.

Captain Bolton took in Mrs. Marston; the host followed with his ward. It was a recherché repast, yet Edwin noticed Lady Alice sent away each course almost untasted.

The tear-stains yet showed on her clear skin; he could see her face now and admitted the lawyer was right. She had the makings of a noble woman. She looked the daughter of a hundred earls; he would have been glad to have said something cordial to her, but could think of nothing until she had left the room, and when he went upstairs to Mrs. Marston and coffee she apologised for Lady Alice, who had gone to bed with a headache.

CHAPTER VIII.

STILL.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
SHAKESPEARE.

IN one of the most densely-populated northern suburbs there exists a road which may be said to hover on the borderland of respectability. No doubt in some of the fifty houses, all exactly alike, all equally dingy and equally prim, reside widow ladies of limited income, but it is equally certain that in others are people without even the "limited income," who, therefore, change their residence every quarter, perform their removals by moonlight, and in the bustle of departure forget such trifles as their rent and taxes. Therefore, although, no doubt, some worthy people live in Marchioness Road, to dwell there is not a certificate of respectability.

Well, at No. 11, where the curtains were certainly more faded, and the blinds more crooked than at the surrounding mansions (?) resided a family of the name of Lester.

We strongly suspect they had enjoyed this name but a short time, and had adopted it to escape certain obligations incurred under a more homely title. In the year 1870, being that of Lady Ashley's death, they rejoiced in the name of Lester, and lived at No. 11, Marchioness Road.

Father, mother, and three children, children only as describing their relationship to the parents, for Julia was nineteen, Sybil twenty-two, and Henry three years older. The family, according to themselves, worked very hard, but they, none of them, had a stated vocation, a little of everything, a great deal of nothing—save debts—was their qualification and possession.

In the parlour, where the carpet was worn and threadbare, and the chairs rickety (perhaps from so many travels), the whole five were engaged in earnest conversation the same night that Edwin Bolton made the acquaintance of Lady Alice Morton.

Mr. Lester, unshaven and untidy, leaned his elbows on the small round table and positively glared at his wife and offspring as though in no very amiable frame of mind.

Mrs. Lester, in a dirty, loose print wrapper, tied in at the waist, her hair covered by a faded cap, her feet in slipshod slippers, sat very near her husband, and appeared to be in a state of intense surprise, for such expressions as "Bless me," "Well I never," "That beats all," escaped her lips at very frequent intervals, being jerked out like the reports of a gun.

The son stood with his hands in his pockets, and said nothing; he was a great improvement on his parents: supposing the metal silver to be gentility, and the Lester family to be various imitations of it, Henry would have been electroplate, while Mr. and Mrs. Lester represented the poorest unpolished tin.

The two girls alone remain to be described. Julia was dirty and untidy, just such a daughter as you would have supposed Mrs. Lester to possess, while Sybil presented the greatest contrast to her family and their surroundings.

She was tall, too tall for any but the Cleopatra style of woman. Her figure was majestic, her eyes glittering black, her hair like the raven's wing, her face expressive of decision and violent passions; in that gathering she was the moving spirit; whatever schemes they carried out were suggested by her. For getting out of difficulties, obtaining credit, and managing, in spite of debts, crafty tricks, and cunning, by contrived deceptions, recommend me to Miss Lester.

She held a paper in her hand, dirty and crumpled, as were most things at No. 11. She read aloud, in a clear, cold voice:

"~~That~~ death is announced of Alice, Countess of Ashley, widow of the late Earl. The deceased lady was in her fortieth year, and had for many years lived in the most complete retirement. She leaves one daughter, the Lady Alice Desmond Morton, sole heiress to the real and personal property of the late Earl of Ashley."

"Much good may it do her," growled Mr. Lester. "Nasty, stuck up thing. Her father shut his doors upon me, more shame for him, and I daresay my Lady Alice wouldn't give us a bank-note to save us from starving, though we are her own flesh and blood."

"She's awfully rich, ain't she, pa?" asked Miss Julia, in wistful tones.

"She's so rich, Ju, that she could give each on us a thousand pounds apiece and never feel it."

"Law, now," put in the mother, admiringly. "And she the gal's own first cousin."

"People never give anything away in this world except advice. It don't pay," pronounced Sybil.

"She'll marry some swell, I suppose," decided Henry. Lucky dog."

Whether this last referred to Lady Alice or her supposed future husband was left an open question.

"Why shouldn't she marry you?" and Sybil looked her brother in the face.

"Don't be foolish, Sybil," returned that gentleman, politely. "There's many a young woman would be glad enough to get me, but I'm modest, I am, I don't pretend to a fifty thousand pounder."

"She must marry someone."

"But I don't see how that someone's to be me—" he gave a sarcastic look at his rusty coat and threadbare trousers. "I look got up to captivate an heiress, don't I?"

"Syb, if you've got anything driving in that head of yours you'd better say it right out," observed her father.

"You've read Lord Ashley's will, I suppose. What becomes of this girl till she's of age?"

"She lives with Lord Bolton. His place is near Elcheater."

"And can she marry anyone?"

"Anyone in the world, Syb, with Lord B's consent; but as he isn't very likely to consent to Harry that makes a serious obstacle."

"Then she must marry him without Lord Bolton's consent. She don't lose the money, I suppose?"

"Not a stiver."

"You're disposing of me very fast, Syb, I must say."

"You haven't brains enough to make your own fortune," said the girl, scornfully. "I must do it for you."

"Don't get waxy, Syb," urged her brother, "and if you wouldn't keep a fellow so completely in the dark as to what you're going to do with him—"

"Sybil raised one hand and shaded her face with it. Her dark eyes were fixed intently on the ground. She spoke almost as one in a dream:

"If Alice Morton has been brought up in poverty, in a miserable country town, she will be perfectly wretched among grand people. She will know nothing of their habits, all will be strange to her, they will praise the father she has been taught to hate, and scorn the mother she has lost; a little pity, a little flattery, and she will be ours; we will make her hate the Boltons, and win her to our side by talking to her of her mother."

"But how in the world are we to get at the girl?"

"Leave that to me."

"And how are you going to make her marry Henry?"

"She will be proud and beautiful," said Sybil, thoughtfully; "if she has been poor she knows nothing of such dodges as we practice, I'll venture. She'll marry Harry unless he's a greater simpleton than even I give him credit for."

"You've got a wonderful head, Syb?"

"Don't waste your time in praising me. I must have ten pounds. Tell me how to get it, that will be more to the purpose."

"Ten pounds?"

"All that money?"

"Whatever for?"

"You'll never get it."

Such were the encouraging remarks of Sybil's family; had she remarked that the wealth of

Goleonda was necessary for her enterprise they could not have seemed more surprised.

"You'd best give it up, Syb."

"I shall not give it up, you miserable cowards. Do you think I am going to drag on the life I do now much longer? Bah! such an existence would not be worth having. I mean to be rich, and I shall be, or die in the attempt."

"You don't look much like dying, Syb, and it would be much nicer to get rich," said Ju, sensibly.

"Father, have we any money?" demanded his eldest daughter.

"Nineteen shillings and elevenpence halfpenny, Syb," was the reply. "The larder's empty, and there's not a shop in the place will trust us with so much as a tallow candle."

"I don't like tallow candles, they smell so nasty. Well, I must have ten pounds, father, so the sooner you find it the better."

"My dear child," returned the father, looking at her with untold admiration of her genius, "a man can't give you what he hasn't got."

"No, but he can get it."

Mr. Lester glanced uneasily round the room.

Four chairs, a round table all somewhat the worse for travelling, also a carpet, with the colour rubbed out.

"I don't see much chance of the ten pounds, Syb."

"Look again."

"You don't mean the pianey which you hired that you might get pupils?"

"I do mean the piano."

"But, ahem! Well, I'm not particular, Sybil, only I have not the slightest wish to become a prisoner."

"I hired the piano," said Sybil, boldly. "We should get quite ten pounds on it. You are not responsible for what I do. By the time the man comes to look after his piano, Sybil Lester will exist no longer."

"Mercy, Sybil, don't drown yourself," ejaculated her mother.

"And never marry any man who won't give me a silk dress," put in Ju.

"Don't be silly. If I change my name I shall only take another, after the same fashion father gave me this one."

"You're a real clever girl, Syb," said her father, approvingly. "I'll get you the ten pounds in a couple of days, and then you'll be off."

"Then I shall be off."

"Where to?"

"You'd better not know. You're pretty safe to stay here till Michaelmas. You shall hear from me before that."

"And Syb," enjoined Mr. Harry, who was fully conscious how nearly his sister's expedition concerned him, "don't forget to say what she's like."

"Why, she's got fifty thousand pounds, Harry," said Ju, reproachfully. "I thought people might aquire and limp and do anything with all that money."

"Of course," answered Harry, irritably. "Only it 'ud be much jollier if they didn't."

"I'm very tired," and Sybil looked it. Her eyes had a feverish sparkle, and her cheek was ghastly white; girls cannot scheme and plan as she did without sometimes looking careworn. From ten years old Sybil had managed her parents' affairs, and if she had grown too sharp and prematurely old in consequence, can it be wondered at.

She and Julia shared the same room. In ten minutes Ju was asleep. Sybil sat down at the window, drew up the blind, and looked out on the starlight night.

This girl acted a part even to those around her; she wore a mask; it was only at moments such as this, when all was hushed and she was alone, that her better self showed. She was not all hard, not all false; there was something soft and womanly about her; her beautiful hair streamed over her shoulders wildly. She held in her hand a photograph; her face was almost tender as she gazed on her treasure, and it was her treasure, what she prized most on earth.

"My darling," she murmured, "where are you now?"

"This is the last thing I will do," she went on, quietly. "I will get this girl and her money for Henry; they will manage then, and I shall be free."

Again she passionately kissed those pictured ones.

"You love me! Oh, I know you love me; your dear eyes have told it me a thousand times as you drew my features for your picture. My face made you famous, you will not forget that; you will love me more."

"You are away now, but you will come back, and I shall be ready for you, and we two will go together, and I think you will make me better, dear, only for love of you."

"I think," went on Sybil, replacing the portrait in her bosom, and speaking half dreamily to herself, "my fate has come to me at last. As his wife my life will be worth living for. If I lose him nothing will matter to me; I should grow desperate."

She rose, went to the cracked looking-glass, tossed back her hair, and bent to see her face reflected.

"I've got to like my face even since I knew him. Poor idiot."

"No, not poor," she murmured again, "not poor, but happy, happy, happy, for he loves me."

And the man whose portrait lay next her heart, the man on whom her every hope centred, was William Gordon.

(To be Continued.)

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Nothing is so delightful when you get it, as it is when you only expect to have it. It is a great pity, but it is perfectly true, and has been true from the time when our dreams were of wax-dolls and Santa Claus. What girl was ever so happy at her first ball as she was while she was dressing for it? Then visions of crowds of admirers, many dances, a delightful supper, and everything of a fairylike nature floated through her mind.

And the ball is well enough, but as she drives home she knows that her dress was not the handsomest there, and she has torn it; and she danced oftener with Cousin Dick than with anyone else; and it was very warm, and she couldn't get much to eat in the supper scramble. And she split her glove in that first attempt at buttoning it, and could not get it mended. I doubt if a bride was ever so happy on her wedding eve as she expected to be when she first wore her engagement ring—if the honeymoon does not look brighter to all when it rises than when it wanes.

The child which is yet a dream is perfect; when it is a reality it has its faults and cries like other babies. The mother tossing her boy upon her knee is happier in her hope that he will be become the Premier of England than she ever will be if he really becomes so after much abuse and a tough conflict. And so we go on. It is a great pity, but it is so; and the only comfort in it, is the reverse of the question. Troubles, like joys, are greater before they are endured. We can live through sorrows that we dare not think of before they come, and fight battles for which it has seemed to us that we had neither shield nor buckler, without being slain.

M. K. D.

ADVICE TO BATHERS.—Boys, beware of a sudden plunge into the water when you are in a heated condition. Many deaths have occurred by drowning during the present hot weather, not because the boys and men did not know how to swim, but from the sudden great reaction of the blood, which by resulting in cramp or affecting the heart deprived them of all power to save themselves. The best time to go bathing is early in the morning, before the body becomes heated.



[CONVALESCENT.]

BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of "Clitje Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Loo," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

"IS WHAT TRUE?"

Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,
Or only struggles to be more enslaved?

JOHNSON.

How slowly the days pass!

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

It might be months—nay, almost years instead of only so many days, for during all this time Katie had not heard one word as to Percy Rossburn's condition, and, as she sometimes thinks frantically, he may be dying or even dead while she is endeavouring to depict the woes of fictitious persons suffering as acutely as she is herself.

And, indeed, her work is progressing. It is not all fiction that she is writing.

Her very heart's blood seems to be wrung out upon the pages before her; and truly, had she not suffered much she could not so graphically have described the griefs and agonies of others.

"Miss Jessop will certainly write herself to death," her landlady remarked to Mrs. Chater, who still interested herself in Katie's behalf. "Ever since Monday morning, when she came home from Mrs. Garland's, have she been scribbling away at papers or poring over books, and she hasn't been out of the house since then."

"And has no one been to see her?" asked the rector's wife, curiously.

"No, ma'am; not a soul."

Then Mrs. Burstel imparted her one bit of news and a surmise, the former being that the

old colonel and his two nephews had been to the house on the Sunday and Monday, and the latter how she, the landlady, was sure they all three wanted her.

At which Mrs. Chater became very severe, remarking:

"You should not say such things, Mary," and meditated in her own mind asking Katie to come and stay a day or two with her, but first she determined to call at the Willows and see the Garlands.

The first greetings over, Mrs. Chater, who had but just heard a confused account of the attempted burglary, began the conversation at once, being quite full of the subject.

"A gentleman staying with you was nearly killed, wasn't he?" she began, addressing Mrs. Garland.

"Not quite, he is out there on the lawn, but we were rather alarmed about him at first; he is so much better, however, that he leaves us to-morrow."

"Then some of you will miss him greatly; what a charming couple they make; is it a settled affair?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," said the widow, a trifle flurried: first of all at what she saw, then at the comment upon it.

And, indeed, innocent, even common-place, as was the real scene in the garden from the drawing-room window, it looked exceedingly sentimental and romantic.

On a low chair reclined Percy Rossburn, his face pale, and hand weak and languid, while Amy Garland knelt by his side holding up a rebellious kitten that would persist in scratching and trying to get away, while the young man indolently smoothed it.

A table upon which stood fruit and flowers just hid the kitten, and from the drawing-room, it appeared that it was the girl's hand he was so affectionately caressing.

So much annoyed was the mistress of the house, that she opened the window and called her daughter, who rising to her feet, let the kitten escape, and said in tones loud enough

to be audible in the room where the two ladies were:

"There is that horrid Mrs. Chater."

That the rector's wife heard this Mrs. Garland felt sure, and to cover her own embarrassment, she suggested that they should go out on the lawn.

"Certainly; I should like to see Mr. Rossburn; he knows my little protégée, Katie Jessop, and I want to ask his opinion of her."

Mr. Rossburn's opinion of course was flattering, and he also remarked that they had to thank the brave little woman's courage for having got rid of the robbers as they did.

An observation that made Mrs. Chater ask for a full and particular account of the whole affair over again, and comment upon Katie, and expand upon her virtues, until Amy Garland, unable to control herself any longer, got up and walked away.

"She shall have something to call me 'horrid' for," thought the visitor, with a spice of malice, then she said aloud:

"I thought of asking Miss Jessop to come and stay with me for a few days, she isn't quite well; her's is a very lonely life for so young a girl."

"Not well? Has no one been to see her this week?" asked the young man, turning to his hostess.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the reply; "we have been so busy thinking of you we have forgotten everyone else, and George has been so industrious, he has left regularly for town soon after nine each morning, and pores over law books when he comes back at night. Besides, Miss Jessop really did no more than any servant would have done, though we make so much fuss about it; she is a very nice girl, but when taken out of her place she is apt to forget that this is not her natural sphere. For my own part, I think it was a very great mistake bringing her from Barmouth, and I often tell Basil so."

And the fat, self-complacent little woman

rubbed her plump white hands gently, as though washing them from all complicity or responsibility on Katie's account.

Mrs. Chater, however, was not the woman to listen calmly to anything that seemed to throw discredit upon her own judgment, and had she not half an hour ago said that Katie was her protégée; so she took up the cudgels in the girl's defence warmly, making Mrs. Garland very glad to admit she was silenced, and had no argument to advance in defence of her ground, even if she were not convinced.

"And she isn't very well, you say?" observed Percy, who had sided with Mrs. Chater in her arguments; "I was wondering I had not seen or heard anything of her."

"I am not," now said Amy, who had returned to the group; "for George told me a ridiculous story when he returned after escorting her home on Monday; he said he was going to marry her. I didn't tell you before," she added, turning to her mother, "because I thought it might worry you, but that is the reason George has taken to hard work; I suppose she is ashamed of herself for entangling him; she ought to be; I hope you are proud of your protégée now, Mrs. Chater."

"I think I have still more reason to be if she has reformed your brother," replied that lady, quietly.

"Reformed him! he never needed reformation."

"Then I beg his pardon. I have understood from you and your mother that he was idle and incapable; but I must be going."

Mrs. Garland now, however, said:

"You have been talking nonsense, Amy. George would never so far forget himself as to think of marrying a girl who is not a gentlewoman; did he positively tell you he was engaged to her?"

"Yes."

The word came slowly, for it was false, George having told his sister just exactly what had passed, and no more; building his certainty for the future upon the fact that Katie had incited him to work and had not refused him.

"Has she really accepted him?" asked Percy, incredulously.

"Yes, why shouldn't she?" said Amy, turning suddenly upon him. "You don't think her too good for him, do you?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders, remarking:

"All such things are relative, it may be a very good or a very bad thing for either or both of them; what is your opinion, uncle?"

For Colonel Chartres now joined them.

Having heard the matter stated, the elder man frowned.

"If Amy were not so positive about it, I should say it could not be true," he replied; "but I have neglected the poor child for several days, I must go and see her."

"Come and see her at my house, colonel. I am going to run off with her for a few days; she is a sweet girl, and I'm only sorry I haven't a brother or a son to marry her to."

This was meant to be a hit for Miss Amy.

"I don't believe it, and I wouldn't though Amy were to stake her head on its being true," thought Percy Rosburn when he was at length alone. "Katie marry that aimless fellow George! absurd, but perhaps she is coquetting with him; I hope not. I shouldn't like to have a bad opinion of the little girl, and no, I should not like George to marry her. I wonder what kind of a fellow that Basil can be if he is alive. If—when we have almost proved him dead. The idea is absurd, and yet men do turn up in a most marvellous manner. What a romantic notion my uncle has got in his head of his son marrying Katie. I wonder if she would have me if I were to ask her? It seems as though one of us was bound to marry the girl."

Then he laughed. But he was not quite satisfied; if Katie really was engaged to George, further speculation about her was useless.

"Well, is it true?" he asked the Colonel, a few hours later when he knew he had just returned from seeing the girl.

"Is what true?"

"About Katie Jessop and George," replied Percy.

"Yes and no; there is something in it, as there usually is when such things get afloat. Good night, I hope you will sleep well."

Surely the wish was uttered in derision, at any rate Percy did not sleep well; nay, for hours he did not sleep at all, and when, as daylight came, he fell into troubled slumber, it was to dream that he was himself standing at the altar to be married to Katie, when, just as he was about to put on the ring, he discovered that the woman at his side was Mrs. Chater.

In rage and horror he awoke to find his uncle standing by his bed with an open letter in his hand.

"Now at last!" exclaimed the Colonel, "there, read that."

Only half awake, he sat up in bed and tried to grasp the meaning of it, then he came to the name of Basil Rosburn, and now, thoroughly awake, he roused himself to read it critically.

"It is anonymous," he said, "and an imposture."

"Perhaps," was the eager reply; "but there is some foundation for it I believe, and if so, my son lives."

"And have you counted the cost of his living?"

"The cost?"

"Yes, his being branded as a murderer."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AMY EXPRESSES HER OPINION.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience. SHAKESPEARE.

The letter which Colonel Chartres had that morning received was not only as Percy Rosburn observed anonymous, but it was also ill-written, impudent in its assertions, and extortionate in its demands.

At the first glance, this did not strike the anxious father, but his cooler-headed nephew detected it at once.

"Sir," it began, "if you want to find your son that was known in Great Barmouth as Basil Rosburn, you'd best be on the Victoria Embankment just below Westminster Bridge at nine o'clock on Tuesday next. You must come alone and bring fifty quid with you in gold, if you want to know where your lad is, and how to find him alive."

I make no attempt to reproduce the bad spelling—these were the words, and Percy's decision at once was that the matter should be put into the hands of the police.

"Then I shall learn nothing," replied his uncle; "and the man, whoever he is, will take care not to communicate with me again."

"Surely you don't mean to go and meet him?"

"I do."

"And with fifty pounds in gold in your pocket?"

"Well, no. If his information is worth fifty pounds, the man shall have it; not otherwise."

"But you won't go alone, surely; indeed you must not. I wish I were well and strong, that confounded coward's attack has so weakened me or I would go with you myself, but take George, and have a couple of policemen on the watch and close at hand; though if such a letter were addressed to me, I shouldn't take any notice of it."

"You are not an anxious father, my dear boy; besides, of what should I be afraid; I shall certainly keep the appointment, and if, as I feel convinced, my boy is alive—"

"You won't find him in this manner. If he is alive and innocent, and knows of your search for him, he will come boldly forward; if he is guilty, he will not expose himself to the danger of being arrested; take my advice, uncle, and don't keep this appointment in person, or at any rate alone."

Colonel Chartres made no reply; he was almost sorry he had shown the letter to his

nephew, for he was himself a man of a sanguine temperament, as easily gulled or imposed upon as any woman, and always ready to believe the next new thing that was told him, let him have been ever so much victimised previously; whereas Percy was a man of the world, critical and suspicious, doubting most things and people, until he had proved them to be true.

The younger man knew immediately that his protest had been in vain, and that unless he were looked after, his uncle would inevitably get into some difficulty.

That day Percy returned to his chambers in the Temple.

The Garlands had been very kind to him, and had pressed him earnestly to remain, but he felt under restraint in their house, he was also conscious of being in danger of saying something too kind or too affectionate to Amy.

Not that he was in love with her, but she was pretty and kind and attentive, and a man with even a cooler head than he might have drifted into an engagement before he very well knew what he was about.

It is so tempting to kiss a fair cheek when it is close to you, to press a white hand that is constantly ministering to your comfort, or to let your fingers stray into the masses of perfumed hair which the wind or some movement of the owner wafts over your face.

All this hitherto Percy had resisted, thinking the penalty that must be paid too great for the indulgence, but the flesh is weak, especially that of man, and now his irritation and distrust with regard to Katie Jessop made him less on his guard than usual, and deciding that discretion was by far the better part of valour he resolutely departed.

"Did he say anything, Amy?" asked her mother, as the carriage containing the invalid and his uncle rolled away from the Willows. "He might have proposed, I expected he would do so. Mrs. Chater took it for granted you two were engaged."

"I hate Mrs. Chater."

"That may be, but you have not answered my question; has Percy said anything definite?"

"Yes," her eyes flashing and her teeth set savagely; "he told me he should marry a woman whose wealth and position would help him in his profession, or that he should never marry at all. He intends to try to get into Parliament at the next general election."

"When did he tell you this?"

"Last night. I suppose he thought I expected him to say something."

"And that is all?"

"Yes, except that I hate that Katie Jessop. It is all her fault."

"How? I can't see it. You said George wanted to marry her, and, besides, she has none of the things he considers essential. You, at any rate, are his equal, and will have some fortune."

"So will she. Uncle intends that. I think old men who take such ridiculous whims into their heads as uncle does should be locked up. But it's all her fault. I saw how Percy's face went white, and his lips blue, when I said she was engaged to George; he might not have meant to marry her before, but he would have been ready."

"Nonsense; I know he admired you, and I dare say his talk about a rich wife was only so much rubbish, such as young men talk on the subject; whatever kind of woman a young man says he will marry you may be quite sure he won't. I've seen too much of that kind of thing to attach much importance to what he says. If you play your cards well you will win him yet."

The girl shook her head.

"Not while that creature lives, mamma."

"Nonsense, she can't marry George and Percy too. Of course, I greatly object to her as a daughter-in-law, and will never countenance the engagement. At the same time I am very glad of anything that will rouse your brother, and give him some purpose in life. Don't you see that mortifying as the possible connection

may be, it completely puts her out of your way."

"No, my instincts were right. I hated her from the first moment I saw her. She was born to stand in my way. I tell you what will happen, mamma, I shall try to think of somebody else."

"Very well, my dear, but who is it to be?"

"You must ask more people to the house. Uncle is no good at all; he never brings anybody home who is worth knowing, and he never takes me anywhere."

"That is partly your own fault. You know more than once you have refused to go."

"Yes; and why? Because that Katie Jessop must be taken too; you don't think I was going anywhere on an equality with a girl like that, do you? It's bad enough to be obliged to tolerate her in one's own house."

"If we didn't ask her here sometimes your uncle would go away and take a house of his own. He told me so once, when I refused to receive her," returned her mother, "and it was not worth while defying him like that, and as for her being on an equality with you out of doors, you would never go anywhere but to a theatre with her, and you, being the eldest, would naturally receive the most attention; I have often thought you foolish in acting as you do."

"I don't care what you think, nothing shall induce me to be seen out of this house with that girl as an equal. Here I am obliged to submit to it, or keep my room, but that is the utmost limit of my complaisance."

Her mother shrugged her plump shoulders as she said:

"Well, you must please yourself, Amy. For my own part, I don't dislike Katie, though I object to George marrying her; she is pretty and sweet and amiable, and never says spiteful things, or does mean actions, as many better born girls do."

"If you mean me, all I can say is, I don't care. You are all selfish, thinking of nothing and nobody but yourselves. Ah, here is Minnie, now you and she can talk as long as you like over the perfections of her charming friend the fisherman's daughter. You have just come from a visit of congratulation, haven't you?"

"If you refer to Katie Jessop, her father was not a fisherman, but a gentleman, and a graduate of Oxford."

"Oh, she has been cramming you to that extent, has she?" with a scornful laugh.

"No, Katie never spoke of her parents to me; it was Percy who told me all he heard about them when he was in Great Barmouth."

"Why did he tell you?"

"I was regretting, much as I liked Katie, that George should think of marrying a girl so lowly born. Then he told me that I need have no trouble on that score."

"Well, it's a comfort to me at any rate," said Mrs. Garland, "if George will make an idiot of himself that the girl has some decent connections."

"I don't think you need trouble yourself about George, mamma. Katie has just told me she is not really engaged to him, and from what she said, I don't think under any circumstances she would marry him unless you were quite willing that she should do so."

"Ah! she is better than I thought. I like her for that, don't you, Amy?"

But Amy laughed loud and mockingly; then said:

"It's just exactly what I should have expected of her. What a mean little hypocrite this girl is. She isn't engaged to George because that might shut her off from a better chance, but she encourages him to work in the expectation of winning her, and in the meantime if she can't land a larger fish she will so work matters that by your leave or without it, she will put herself quite in the right and you in the wrong, and become your daughter-in-law."

"Well, Amy, you admit that you dislike her, therefore your judgment is not likely to be im-

partial," said the mother. "I for my part am glad to hear that her father was not a fisherman, and also that she appreciates what is due to me," and she rose to leave the room.

"And I," said Amy, am disgusted with the selfish meanness I meet with on every side. I shall write to Aunt Fothergill and suggest coming on a visit to her."

"Aunt Fothergill," repeated Minnie; "why she has gone to Baden or Spa, or some other German watering-place."

"Yes, I know; what other motive should I have for joining her, except the pleasure of getting away from this place?"

So the letter was written, but more came of it than Amy Garland had quite calculated upon.

(To be Continued.)

IDENTITY OF BLACK AND GREEN TEA.

GREEN and black tea are produced from the same plant, although the colonists were long at issue about the matter. The idea of green tea being dried upon copper is proven to be a popular fallacy, for the tea would be flavoured and spoiled in the process; besides the bloom can be given by a harmless means. Mr. Ball, who has written a practical volume on the cultivation and manufacture of tea, describes an experiment made by him, proving that tea may be dried black and green in the same vessel and over the same fire. He divided the pan, and the leaves on one side he kept in motion and the other quiet, when the latter became black and the former green, thus proving the difference of colour to be derived not from any management of heat, but from manipulation, the heat being the same in both cases.

At the same time, certain Chinese rogues glaze our hyson most unscrupulously, and it has been proved by chemical analysis that the Chinese green teas are artificially coloured, though not with indigo, as represented by the green tea merchants. We may add that gunpowder tea is dried at the highest temperature and Pekoe at the lowest, and the chemical cause of black tea is its loss of tannin in drying previous to roasting, an opinion that is supported by the testimony of Liebig.

Again, Mr. Ball thinks there may be one species of tea plant, but several varieties, and that all botanical difference is destroyed in the course of packing.

HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

LOVE AND TREACHERY.

CHAPTER XXV.

A REALLY poetic May had come and nearly gone.

The fresh grass, the trees in their young, feathery foliage, the flowers—the first-born of the year—the "charm of earliest birds," the soft and fragrant air, the mountains in their cerulean blue, and their white, fleecy draperies, the warm sky, flecked with the light clouds which the yet moist earth sent up as incense, "nature all blooming and beneficent," combined to cheer Jessie, and to charm away the little vexations that of late had crossed her.

She had, with a wisdom suddenly and painfully acquired, or, rather, a natural good sense and courage and unexpectedly called forth, seen and determined, however hard, to do her duty.

In this she had been aided by a removal to new scenes and new interest, where the gentle influence of her aunt had enforced her purpose, and the happiness she conferred had been reflected on herself.

Without any nice mental analysis, she had found that "the best and only way of abstracting the mind from one object was to fix it on another;" and, in yielding herself amiably to those around her, had discovered the best restorative.

The first disturbing force had been the unjust displeasure of her grandfather.

It had turned the current of her thoughts, which she had sedulously directed to others, back upon herself, not only by rendering her less happy, but by suggesting comparisons with the standard which she had adopted. Severity, injustice, weakness, only rendered more conspicuous mildness, truth, and strength, embodied in one she could not forget, yet might not love.

The day had been unusually warm for the season—even sultry; and, after the early tea, to drive away thought, she snatched up her hat and shawl, and strolled off to her favourite retreat.

This was at some distance from the house, and was gained by a path through a wood so thick that a stranger, in following it, unexpectedly would find himself standing on a little rocky promontory, so shaded and secluded that no habitation was visible, and no sound heard but the rush of the stream that on one side hurried to the river, and the alternating tides that murmured at his feet.

A fantastic tree afforded seat and shade; and here, with an agreeable book, a pleasant nook could scarcely have been found.

But now, instead of sitting or reading, Jessie leaned on the protection of the rock that rose like a battlement before her, and, bending over it, thought of home, father, mother, and—Cyril; of her dear study; of the lessons first disliked and then loved; of absence—return—avowal—separation.

All, all came back with the greater power because so long repressed, and tears, unbidden and unthought of, fell on the hand which supported her cheek.

She saw nothing—not river, nor mountain, nor setting sun; nor a little boat, which was steering toward the spot she occupied. Neither did she see that a spy-glass, handed from one to another, was directed to herself; nor, until the boat's prow disturbed the monotonous murmur on the beach, was she roused to see that a young man, returning the glass to someone near him, had leaped ashore, at the same moment answering the question, "At what hour, sir?" by another.

"When does the tide serve?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Very well; you'll find me here."

That voice awoke an echo in her heart. Starting from her reverie, she saw, struggling up the rock, and in a few seconds by her side, with glowing, animated face and extended hand, the very spirit of her waking dream.

"Mr. Ashleigh!" she exclaimed.

"Jessie!" he replied, excited out of his habitual cautious address. Their hands met; their "mutual eyes" were eloquent, but their words were few. Their last sad parting was present to them.

"Do not stand," said Cyril, first recovering himself. "Rest here, where the Dryads seem to have prepared a seat for you"—leading her to the old tree, whose distorted trunk afforded a resting-place—"and I will find a fitting one here," throwing himself on the grass at her feet.

Jessie, in a bewilderment of joy and surprise, could say nothing.

She passively complied with his suggestion, while he sat gazing into her face, to which the year since they had parted had added both strength and beauty.

The freedom, the pure air, the healthful exercise, the early hours of her quiet, inartificial country life, had increased her bloom, and matured her figure to its full and perfect proportions.

She had ceased to be a child without losing a single grace of childhood.

She had grown into the dignity of a woman

without any consciousness of greater importance.

"Now, tell me," said she, at length, "where have you come from? the earth beneath, or the sky above? for I have not the faintest idea."

"My progress has been neither subterranean nor ethereal—entirely prosaic, and like that of other mortals. But, in order to be understood, I must enter into particulars. You, perhaps, remember, my legal aspirations, and the facilities afforded by your father. Well, I have obeyed the impulse thus encouraged, and am in the outer court of the temple I so much desire to enter—a lawyer's clerk; with so much of his confidence that I am now absent on his business. Is not that well?"

"That sounds well, at least," said Jessie, returning his smile, "but do you like it? Now, for once, descend to my level, and admit that a thing may be very wise, and yet very disagreeable. Those dry books and interminable papers, are they not horribly tiresome?"

"Tiresome! have a care lest I send you back to the study, and, putting on my schoolmaster's frown, tell you, in the words of your old friend Plutarch, that 'Law is the king of mortals and immortals—of nature, man, angels, and even the highest intelligencies! that law is——'"

"Oh, no more! I'll believe all, anything; only speak yourself, and let Plutarch be silent."

"Well, then, having awed you into a proper state of mind, I will admit that, as yet, I do not find it very exciting; nevertheless, it is occupation for the present, hope for the future. Hope! hope!" added he, with animation, "that mysterious essence of life! about which physiologists dispute."

"But to explain why I am here. Your little promontory caught my eye, with a figure like Hope resting quietly on her anchor, and, with eyes directed to the distant main, inviting the wandering sailor home. An instinct that could not fail told me it was you. I seized a glass to assure myself, and found I was not deceived. Now tell me in return, of yourself. Where are you? and why? and how does that busy young mind occupy itself?"

Jessie gave a brief sketch of her visit. She longed to tell everything, but she reflected that Henry's interests, and her grandfather's infirmities might not be revealed to a stranger. On her aunt she could fearlessly dilate; and the more earnestly from the pleasure with which Cyril listened, as he perceived how much so lovely a character had touched her.

"And society?" he asked; "are there no Ernests to betwitch? no hearts to bless or—to break?"

"Oh dear no! The only one I might have been tempted to experiment upon is pre-engaged, so I had no opportunity of losing my own, nor of winning another's."

To this succeeded inquiries as to reading, study, and so on—all put very properly, and answered categorically, but with that "double consciousness"—when the lips speak of what the heart is not thinking—which those will readily understand who have been similarly affected.

My business took me to Edinburgh, and here I found that the gentleman with whom I was to confer had been unexpectedly summoned to London, and would not return for some days. Embracing, therefore, the opportunity thus afforded me of exploring a romantic country with which I was unacquainted I set out for a brief tour.

Yesterday, I reached—; and charmed with the picturesque scenery of the locality, I tried a boat this morning for the purpose of seeing all I could of so delightful a region.

And now, as Cyril reclines at her feet, with eyes upraised, it is well if every resolution be not forgotten.

How long he would have remained so is not to be told.

Ah! how often is human wisdom the result of some beneficent arrangement for us; or some lucky accident, as we falsely and unbelievably turn it!

At this moment a rumble of distant thunder recalled them from the inner to the outer world; and they perceived, for the first time, that, while they had been sporting in rainbows, the night had gathered blackness.

Heavy clouds were rolling towards them; the sultry air was stirred by a wind, the forerunner of a gust; lightnings flashed along the horizon, attended at shorter intervals by thunder nearer and louder, and everything indicated an approaching storm.

Jessie started from her seat, wrapping her shawl around her, and Cyril, alarmed at so slight a protection, entreated her to lose no time in returning.

"And you?" said she; "what is to shelter you?"

"Oh, this thick wood would be sufficient, so well used as I am to such exposures; but I shall go with you, and shall still be in time to keep my appointment with the boat."

There was no time for farther parley, and they turned homeward.

Luckily, though threatening every instant, the rain did not actually fall; but the darkness increased fearfully, and the lightning, more and more vivid and frequent, was their only guide.

The long, deep wood, through which they must pass by merely a narrow footpath, often obstructed by fallen brushwood, and which, in the cheerful day, was only wild and romantic, now became intense in gloom, and almost a place of danger.

At every moment Jessie feared to strike her head against a tree, or to be prostrated by some unseen obstacle.

Cyril's anxiety for her gave importance to what, if alone, he would have disregarded. In momentary expectation of a pelting rain, he would, had the path permitted, with merely an arm around her, have borne her along scarce aided by herself; but this was here impossible.

While thus groping their way, Cyril preceded and leading her by the hand, they both, at the same time exclaimed:

"What is that? Hark! Who is there?"

They stopped and listened.

"'Tis nothing," said Cyril; "nothing but the rustle of the leaves under our feet."

"Do you think so? It sounded exactly like a footstep. There! There it is again!"

"'Tis only the echo of our own. Do not be alarmed; there can be no cause; for, even if it be a footstep, 'tis only some unlucky wanderer like ourselves. Do not think of it. Haste, haste, Jessie! I feel the rain this moment."

But, though Cyril endeavoured to divert her apprehensions, he often looked round into the darkness, which his eye could not penetrate, and only spoke to urge her onward.

At length they emerged from the wood, and crossed an open space, under a dim light, by which an object might have been discerned. It was, however, only to enter another scarce less impervious, through which an avenue led to the house.

Here, proceeding with less difficulty, and with a feeling of security, Jessie reverted to the sounds that had disturbed her.

"Why," she asked, "should no answer be returned? One would think that, at such a time, mere companionship would be a motive to speak."

"Recollect, Jessie, it is only your assumption that there was a person. In such a confusion of sounds, one is easily mistaken. But think no more of it. Have we yet far to go?"

"No, not far; that is measuring distance by my steps, for I see nothing. Ah! there's a light! Yes, we are approaching the house at the front. The parlour windows are behind; we cannot see them here. Now you must leave me."

"Leave you! here, unsheltered, alone! Never!"

"Nay, I know best," said Jessie, fearful of the effect of his entrance on her grandfather. "I am within a few paces of the house; there is nothing to fear for me."

"But let me see you within the door at least."

"I cannot, I must not; let me judge."

Constrained by her earnestness—as no real danger could be apprehended—he yielded; but said, with an emotion that, fortunately for both, could not be perceived:

"You drive me from you, Jessie, and I go. What else, indeed, can I do?" Then, with an attempt at cheerfulness, he added: "But, in like manner as we have now met, we may meet again. To insure this, were I a heathen, I would erect an altar to the goddess of the 'Unforeseen!' " and raising to his lips the hand he still held: "Farewell, Jessie!" he said, and was gone, while her half-uttered parting words were unheard.

Approaching, as she supposed, the front door, which, however, she did not wish to enter, she passed farther on; but the rain, so long threatened, now came with a violence that, added to the darkness, perplexed her.

She turned a corner, where a gust met and nearly prostrated her; and, struggling with it, she became bewildered as to the direction she was taking.

Dimly discerning the mass of building, and seeking a private entrance somewhere, in order to avoid embarrassing questions, she was pressing on, uncertain if right or wrong, when the sound that had lately disturbed her fell on her ear again, and so close as to startle her.

At the same instant a flash of lightning, broad and vivid, revealed a dark figure within a few feet of her.

It was tall, but so wrapped that only a general outline was seen, relieved against a glass window, from which was reflected a strong light. The next moment all was total darkness.

"The death-chamber!" she exclaimed, "what fate has brought me here?" and, her imagination excited by the vague terrors she associated with that part of the house, and, in an agony of fear, attempting to escape the phantom at her side, she darted forward, her foot slipped, she fell, and her senses fled.

She was roused by a wailing voice and a lantern flashing in her face, to find her maid, who had been in quest of her, bending over her.

The violence of the rain had ceased; but, thoroughly wetted and chilled, she readily comprehended the necessity urged by the servant, of getting into the house as soon as possible.

Covering her mistress with the cloak she had provided, and supporting her trembling limbs with an arm strongly clasped around her, she guided her, as Jessie requested, to the steps leading to the entrance by which she might gain her own room unobserved.

Having reached it, and guarding against any alarm by directing that her aunt should be merely told that she had come home tired, and requesting not to be disturbed, she resigned herself to the care of her maid, who laid her, like an unresisting child, on her bed.

A restless night, during which her attendant had never left her, was succeeded by all the indications of a violent cold, confining her not only to her room but to the bed.

Her aunt attended her with anxious affection. But Mr. Fanmuir, though putting aside his air of offended majesty, and unable to disguise his interest, would not admit that she was ill.

"It was a bad cold—nothing more; she would be well directly."

At the request of Miss Fanmuir the doctor came:

"Saw no danger at present; but, if fever and delirium should supervene, couldn't say," only shook his head ominously.

These suggestions enraged Mr. Fanmuir, who, resolved she should not be ill, was only more persistent in his first opinion; would not allow her parents to be sent for; would not permit her aunt to remain with her at night, but commanded Mrs. Marley to do so.

Thus passed two days and nights.

As was feared, delirium and fever did appear, but Mr. Fanmuir changed not.

The third morning a bulletin announced to

him a better night, no fever, soft skin, cough abated, head clear. "I told you so!" said he, triumphantly, and his imperious will found still another confirmation.

As her indisposition yielded, Jessie's mind recurred to the circumstances immediately preceding.

"That silent figure! seen so distinctly, though but for a moment. That strange light on the window of that fearful chamber! Was it indeed a reflection from without? Did it not come from within? And, if so, what might it not portend? Why had she been led to that place she so sedulously shunned? Why had she fallen near its fatal door, to which that dark phantom appeared to conduct her? Might not some fatality impending, over her involve Cyril also?"

Again and again she asked these questions, and as often her reason suggested plausible, but not satisfactory explanations.

"A man-servant might have been returning home—he would be silent, of course; why not? A reflection of the lightning from the glass was an easy solution of the strange light! Why, in the dark, might she not miss her way? and, being terrified and faint, why should she not fall?"

(To be Continued.)

A TOURIST KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—A tourist, named Mackenzie, was walking over Blackdown, near Dartmoor, towards the coast, when a thunderstorm caused him to take shelter in a shepherd's hut. The lightning struck the hut, and the tourist was found dead by the shepherd in a corner of the hut. His watch was fused into a molten mass, and the clothing on his right side was burned off.

THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

CHAPTER LI.

Thy bridal morning! they are now
The last bride of thy tresses wreathing;
The last white pearl is on thy brow,
The orange flow'rs beside thee breathing.

MOUNTCASTLE COURT was in a state of high expectation.

A large party was gathered round the lady of that hospitable mansion—a party of the true English autumnal type, and Augusta Fairleigh was among the guests.

Light-hearted by nature, elastic with the inward strength of youth, she joined in all the pleasures, except the hunting and angling, which, like Evelyn, she held in supreme contempt; she rode, boated, played billiards, tormented the readers in the library, criticised the hot-houses, played with the ponies and dogs, and was almost the one specimen of human nature in the whole variegated group that was not tepid, frosty, and artificial.

But then she had reasons for being a little exuberant.

Some brides apparent find it necessary to be pale, statuesque and half-mournful. Augusta was none of these.

And she was to be "led to the altar" on the morrow, by Stanley Hope.

Great were the preparations made, many the invitations issued.

Already the bridal presents, laid out on tables in a long, white and gold room, with sea-green curtains, were being admired and envied by the jewel-loving ladies assembled at Mountcastle Court.

Miss Arabella secretly thought how far better that emerald and ruby necklet would become her dark stateliness than the pink and white insipidity of the heiress of Fairleigh.

Miss Aurora felt assured that this opal and diamond bracelet was intended, almost by

nature, for her own fair arm; but Stanley had been generous, and prepared a beautiful locket, with the monograms of himself and his affianced, for each of the nine bridesmaids.

Nine bridesmaids! There was a protest on every side. An uneven number—it was never heard of—five on one side and four on the other!

Dear Stanley, exclaimed all those "breathing roses," the cousins, he understood nothing of these things—how should he?

But he ought to have left it to them. Still he persisted, and nine dainty jewels, of one pattern, were accordingly provided.

"What is your reason for it, Stanley?" Miss Fairleigh asked. "Is it only to torment your cousins?"

He would give her none, though he had one, and it did credit to his manliness that, even to his bride, he would not betray a secret which was his only to keep.

For he knew that one, at least, of the virgin priestesses who were to prepare her for sacrifice would not be present to see her bound at the altar.

He felt convinced that Constance Hope, high-minded and generous in all else, would not bring herself to behold the happiness of that young girl who knew not that she had a rival or an enemy.

Better so, he thought, than the possibility of her compressed passion resulting, as it had done once before, in some lamentable scene. He was right in his anticipations. No Constance Hope came; instead of her, an affectionate apology.

Under the laws that govern "the great world" in England, he left Mountcastle Court on the night before the marriage to pass the hours until the morning at that commodious, ancient, and highly-esteemed hostelry, the Mountcastle Arms, about a mile distant.

It was moonlight, and he walked, taking a path that led through a series of copses beyond which was the church, where the ceremony would take place; the remains of an old abbey, restored for modern use.

He stood still before the grey front, solemn and silent as it rose, illuminated by the moon, among the trees.

His mind was in a very serious, though happy mood, and he gazed round thoughtfully upon the white graves that would contrast so solemnly with the flowers and flutter of to-morrow.

Suddenly, a deep-drawn breath caught his ear, and he became conscious that someone else was with him in that place of the dead.

Looking in all directions he could perceive, at first, nothing except the quiet trees, and the still more quiet stones.

Presently, however, his sight fell upon the figure of a woman, wrapped in a dark cloak, who leaned her head upon a tombstone.

At the sound of his footsteps she looked up; at the sight of his face she uttered a cry and fled away among the graves.

But, in that one instant, in that pallid countenance, he had recognised—Constance Hope.

He did not pursue her. Why should he? But what was she doing there? With what purpose?

Nameless fear fell upon his mind. He alone knew what was hidden in the depths of that ungoverned heart.

Was there anything to dread for the morrow? Only, perhaps, some hysterical paroxysm, which he could not help.

He was not cowardly enough, or of a sufficiently melo-dramatic turn of mind to take any precautions against whatever might threaten. It was merely the sentimental caprice of a love-sick girl.

Still, all that night, he could not feel easy, and he heartily wished that the crisis of his life was over.

The morning came, and with it the usual small excitements of a wealthy and fashionable wedding, even in a country place.

"Only eight bridesmaids after all, Stanley!" chimed in the charming cousins.

Stanley did not mind their pretty banter; but he felt irritated by the remarks made upon his jaded appearance, and especially upon his continually looking about him, as if for someone who had not arrived.

"The Ninth Bridesmaid, of course," said the cousins, with malevolent emphasis, little aware of the wicked guess-work they were making.

But the hour approached; the carriages drove up; the company was marshalled, and the bright throng poured down the broad staircase into the great Gothic quadrangle of Mountcastle Court.

Merry bells were heard in the distance; little crowds from the neighbouring villages cheered the brilliant ladies and gentlemen, and blessed the bride; children brought flowers to strew beneath her feet; and the old church was reached without an incident to shadow the festal hour.

Only, though happily Augusta Fairleigh did not see it, Stanley Hope still showed signs in his demeanour of that which she might, with her acute capacity for feeling jealous, have mistaken for some suspicious pre-occupation of the mind. And so it was. But all on her account.

When, however, the ceremony had commenced, and was proceeding without interruption, he began to cast aside his anxiety and assure himself that all would progress well to the end.

Two or three times a peculiar sound, coming from none knew where, attracted some slight attention.

It was as if a child were sobbing. Stanley Hope alone knew the meaning of that stifling sorrow, and it grieved him to the soul.

Why did she put this pain, this humiliation, upon herself—she, so proud, even so haughty, in the circles which she at once dominated and charmed?

Once more, he dreaded lest an uncontrollable impulse should lead the unhappy girl to break upon the scene and resent that which, he knew she thought, had been his heartlessness and faithlessness.

Yet no; the rite was concluded; the music pealed triumphantly above; a soft-voiced village choir sang the carols of the marriage, and Augusta Fairleigh was Augusta Hope.

Nothing was seen or heard of whoever's tears had fallen, as it were, upon the head of that young bride, and nothing happened to disturb the triumph of the day.

Hating her own weakness, trampling on her own heart, Constance Hope had not, nevertheless, been able to resist coming—though not as a guest—to see the beauty and the happiness of her rival.

She had seen it, and, strangely enough, the spectacle, instead of embittering her love, raised and purified it.

For, when the last wheel had echoed through the great arched entrance of Mountcastle Court, and her attendant, Charlotte Cooper, now Charlotte Maxwell, joining her, said:

"What Mr. Stanley can have seen in her, miss, to admire—the insignificant, overdressed, common-looking—"

With all her old spirit, Constance stopped her.

"Mr. Stanley Hope has won the heart of the loveliest young girl I ever saw. I should be ashamed of being here, were it not that I have seen their happiness. And now let us return to the hotel."

"Surely, miss, you are not going from your purpose—"

"Girl, I never had one. It was your scheme, when you saw I was delirious with anger. You told me an untruth, and shall suffer for it."

Charlotte Maxwell made no reply; but pretended to follow her mistress.

When Constance Hope, a little perplexed to find the right pathway, turned round, she found herself alone.

The interesting young creature had despatched herself on a private mission to Mountcastle Court.

Arrived there, she sought one of the upper

servants, and asked to speak with her in private.

The woman, not liking her appearance, reluctantly consented.

"Tell your mistress," was all Charlotte said, "not to travel by the Blue Cross, though it is on her way. Several people are there with bad intentions towards her. If she wants to know the reason, tell her to ask her husband why he cast off Miss Constance Hope."

She was gone before further explanation could be asked.

Here was an arrow to rankle in the breast of a bride on her marriage day!

The woman gave her message, and, in an instant, the heart of the young girl was on fire.

When she came down in her travelling dress, and sweet adieus were showered upon her, she answered with constraint, and, at the parting moment, walked alone to the carriage, whose four clamping greys were spurning the idle pavement, impatient to be off.

Stanley's astonishment was simply blank. It could not be the silly chatter of his young cousins? No, she had gone up to her room in their company, with the joyousness of a sky-lark.

Half an hour had hardened her towards him in a way utterly incomprehensible. To all his entreaties she would merely answer:

"I am tired; leave me alone."

But before they had passed the gates, a messenger came spurring through.

A letter for Stanley Hope, to be delivered to him only and forthwith.

The chariot stopped. He took the letter, opened it; put it away after a hurried glance through the contents, and with a very pale face, looked at his young wife.

"What is it?" she asked, in a tone that startled him—from her, and she usually so almost childlike in her tenderness.

"Do not ask me now, darling," he answered. "Try to think I have the best, the most loving of reasons, for not telling you."

"Which way do you drive?" she abruptly asked, after a short silence.

"By the Blue Cross, unless you prefer another road, dear."

"I prefer that, and that only."

And thus estranged, these two commenced their wedded life.

But not for long. Happily, neither was of a brooding temperament.

They were now approaching to where, at a division of the road, in a piece of thick woodland, stood a very ancient spire-shaped structure, which, in the old monkish days, had been styled the Blue Cross; but which wind and weather had long ago deprived of any predominant colour whatever. The young bride saw it and shuddered.

"My darling," said Stanley, passing his arm round her waist, "you are suffering; there is something wrong; do not hide it from me."

"Stanley, save me," she sobbed upon his breast, while the postillions, all unconscious of the little drama that was being enacted behind their backs, cracked their whips, and whirled along in their most gallant style.

The venerable sign of the "Harvest Moon," and a change of horses, ever welcome to their thirsty souls, were not far off.

What could it mean?

"Stanley," she repeated, still more imploringly, "save me!"

"From what, my dearest?" he asked, pressing her to him, and thinking that the excitement had rendered her hysterical for a time.

"Constance! She will kill me! Turn back. Turn back, Stanley. I was warned of her this morning. See!"

Surely enough, there was a woman lurking among the trees.

Without a word of explanation, he stopped the carriage, leaped out, and before this person in ambush could escape, had seized her arm.

"Constance!" he cried, "what in the name of Heaven are you doing here?"

Instantly afterwards he felt ashamed of himself; for the woman turned round with a vulgar

mocking laugh, and he saw it was the miserable turnkey of the Moat—the strolling dancer, Charlotte Cooper, or Maxwell.

"So!" she said, shaking him off, "your bride has had a fright—feared for her beautiful face. She is quite safe, Mr. Hope. If I threw anything after it, it would be an old shoe. My people are near, and they will give her a charivari."

Inexpressibly vexed, but still relieved in mind, Stanley did indeed see, as they went on, a number of vans drawn up on a green near the "Harvest Moon," with a theatre in full swing having the legend above it, "Cooper's World-Famed Circus."

His young bride then confessed her credulity and jealousy, and he behaved as though jealousy and folly were the sweetest attributes of human nature.

"But," persisted this wife of an hour, "you have something now to tell me in my turn. What was in that letter?"

"When," he answered, his tone, however, changing, "we are in the soft calm of our own home, then, Augusta, I will tell you. Trust me now."

And they went on—these two, so lately on the brink of estrangement—to their happiness, and why intrude upon its sacred quiet?

CHAPTER LII.

Oh, what a plunge into the dark was there!

How ended life—in blasphemy or prayer?

MONTGOMERY.

THE varied and mingled scenes of this history, opening down the long vista to the last, are drawing towards that one which must conclude them.

But there were several episodes remaining before the Whispers of Norman Chase could be hushed for ever.

Among them was the career of Mr. Anthony Maxwell, after the catastrophe of his evil-omened accomplice's fate on the scaffold over the great gate of York Castle. It filled his mind with dismay.

He had received a letter signed only with the initials, "G. G.," but the handwriting of which, however, he knew only too well, containing simply the words:

"I SAW HIM, as I predicted, with the Chaplain at his side. I waited, expecting to see You. I shall stay at York until the next malefactor has the white cap drawn over his face."

Now, a nameless horror took possession of this wretch's soul.

He had never known Gilbert Green to break his word, and Gilbert Green had formally forgiven him.

What new crime, then, had he discovered, so mercilessly to be punished? And what was to be done? Once more, and finally, he resolved to quit England, and fly to the uttermost American wilds.

Yet, how? He had been made to disgorge his frauds upon the heiress of Fairleigh, and, although he could distil poison, he was no magician who could change laurel leaves into gold.

But go he must, or, as he surely felt, the black prophecy of his former servant would prove true.

Ah! there was a resource. The Crown had taken possession, it was true, of the dead felon's property, so far as it was known to exist; but it knew nothing of his secret treasure, hidden behind that panel of the den whence five thousand guineas had been so futilely extracted to facilitate his escape.

The Moat was empty, and open. It contained no master, mistress, or captive now. The first lay undefined, as was the custom of the time—a custom revived, in one instance, only twenty years ago—below a corridor of York Castle, trodden only by the feet of the condemned and their gaolers; the second had found her sleep in the vaults of Norman Chase; the third was away from all distress and fear, and happy with her love.

Thither, therefore, would he go, rifle the miser's sanctuary, take passage for the distant West, and lord it over his half-barbarous neighbours in some young settlement where Mr. Justice Lynch would scarcely recognise even him.

He passed through the dreary garden—across the foul, dark water, up the beslimed steps, and into the dilapidated hall.

To that unquiet conscience they all appeared haunted. In every room the lawyer shuddered.

"Eh!" he said, in reply, as it seemed, to some unuttered question; "was it I that murdered her?"

But the answer, also unspoken, came:

"Why that laurel-water?"

Had not a desperate need urged him on, this man would have fled, as from a ghost, out of that crime-stained abode.

He was, however, in the very room where Mathew Drake had stored up the results of his uncounted villainies.

No necessity for a guide; he went straight to the spot in the wall, and it opened at a touch.

"The hypocrite!" he exclaimed, half angrily, half exultingly. "Where did he get all this? And why did he borrow that thousand of me? You were a cheat, my dear friend and partner; but we are quits now, or, rather, I am deeply in your debt."

Saying which, he took bag after bag, heavy with gold, from the concealed cupboard, weighing them with his hand and chinking them as he did so.

"Twenty thousand, by heavens!" he said, "and a lot of loose cash besides. Drake, my man, why weren't you satisfied?"

"The idiot," he added, in his safe soliloquy; the money would not content him; but he must have the girl as well."

Thus provided, he left the Black Moat and returned to his metropolitan lair. Few other preparations were necessary.

The gold he had obtained worked with its customary magic effect. Everything needful came, as it were, to his hand.

Still, it was three days before he stood on the deck of the vessel that was to bear him away. During the whole of that time, Anthony Maxwell never slept.

"I have known many a man," said the turnkey of an Edinburgh prison, to Sir Walter Scott, "sleep on the night before his execution; but never one on the night before his trial."

So it was with this miserable fugitive, laden though he was with gold, the pillage of his dead confederate.

In every form he saw a detective. In every sound he heard an alarm. He dared not sleep—could not, indeed, for to him, while on English earth, the night was never still.

That terrible letter, too, with its few brief syllables, stared at him, like *The Writing on the Wall*. It was over.

"All aboard?"

"Ay, ay!" was shouted, and Anthony Maxwell stood, amid his little mountain of luggage, rejoicing in his safety, on the poop of the strong ship "Defiance," bound for Rhode Island, or New York, and thence for Van Dieman's Land—a prosperous, fearless, hopeful man.

The Blue Peter flew saucily at the top; the "sky-sails" joyously took the wind, and the broader canvas bosomed to it, as the vessel gallantly stood out to sea with her mingled human freight.

Even the convicts crowded on the fore-deck—free during the voyage, according to custom—gave a cheer to the white shores they were leaving—many of them for ever.

For a moment, the aching hearts—some, doubtless, innocent—forgot their grief; that last, long look at Home overpowered all other thoughts, and the bright sun beamed upon pearly cliff and emerald field.

What is that? A royal pennon flying up to the summit of the harbour flagstaff—a signal to stop, a boat putting off, manned by blue-jackets, with other men in prison uniform; eight sweeping oars making direct towards the ship, as she

were grandly round, and heeled beneath the Eastern breeze.

The heart—the conscience—for the worst of men have both—of Anthony Maxwell sank and smote him as he saw these messengers of justice come under the lee of the vessel with one final swing of the oars, while they simultaneously swarmed over the bulwarks.

For a moment, he thought of plunging overboard. But no, his natural cowardice deterred him.

Already, in imagination, he felt the handcuffs on his wrists; saw himself marched through the streets of Plymouth; heard the sentence of death to which he had often pursued better men than himself; and, behold! they were not seeking him at all!

A pale-faced youth, not twenty years old, manacled and tottering, was hauled up the cabin stairs and overboard in less than five minutes after the Bow Street warrant had been read.

"Why, mate," said a sailor to Mr. Anthony Maxwell, as this gentleman trembled and held on by a rope, "one would have thought it was for you they were after—you look so scared."

"What has he done?"

"Forged, poor devil! Forged his father's name, to save his sisters from starving—the old vagabond had abandoned them."

"What will they do with him?"

"Why, hang him, of course. No wonder you shudder. If he had poisoned anybody, it couldn't be worse."

So the young criminal went to the doom provided for him by a most cruel criminal code—then untouched by the Christian hand of Romilly, and the assassin rejoiced as "the fair breeze blew, the furlows flew," and the land which few leave without a deeper love than they ever dreamed of before, became a spectre and a shadow in the distance.

Gaily the "Defiance" breasted the waves and obeyed the wind.

They were far out upon the wide Atlantic, and the motley company on board though, of course, keeping apart in their several classes, had become accustomed to the strangeness of their life upon the waters that rolled without a break, farther than an eagle's eye could reach, around them.

The convicts crouched together, forward; the sailors, when not at work, sang on the fore-castle; the passengers of superior rank, among whom, naturally, was Mr. Anthony Maxwell, read, walked, wrote letters to be sent on board such homeward-bound vessels as might pass at hailing distance, and with brilliant weather, the passage promised to be all that such a passage, under the most favourable circumstances, can possibly be.

But, to the self-expatiated lawyer, who had left no friend behind him, and would find none in the home he was about to seek, it seemed interminable.

He yearned for the sight of that remote shore, which would give him an asylum with his nefarious wealth, and where, under an assumed name, he might revel in those animal enjoyments which were so dear to his nature.

Absorbed in these reflections, he stood aloof from the rest of the company, scarcely exchanged a word with any of them, and was even so imprudent in his sullenness as to attract a dangerous amount of attention.

"Why," said a fellow-passenger, to him one day, when most of the people on board had been entertaining themselves with music and dancing, "your companionship, I must say, is worth very little. Haven't you a word to throw to a dog?"

"Not if the dog is a nuisance," was the amiable answer. "I have a right to keep myself to myself, I suppose, if I choose to."

"Oh, of course; but I wonder you don't shut yourself up, like that woman downstairs."

"What woman?"

"Well, she has the grace to keep her sulks to herself. She has never set foot on deck since coming aboard. You'd suit each other, you would."

The curiosity of Anthony Maxwell was aroused, and he unbent to his not very complimentary friend.

They even indulged together in a bowl of three-quarters grog, flavoured with lime juice, and cooled by a little island of ice.

The stranger appeared to relish an opportunity of talking, and told all he knew about the mysterious passenger who thus secreted herself, as it were, within the stifling limits of a ship's cabin. But, after all, it was not much.

She was young, good-looking, had "Miss Brown" labelled on her luggage, paid first-class passage money, lived on the best that the commissariat afforded, and saw nobody except the stewards.

Even to her, however, she hardly spoke in more than monosyllables.

Not greatly enlightened, but considerably refreshed, the two new acquaintances returned on deck, when Mr. Anthony Maxwell's garrulous informant, who is of no further importance to this history, suddenly seized his companion by the arm.

"See that!" he exclaimed, pointing to the south.

The evening had fallen, and a strangely-coloured haze lay upon the calm surface of the ocean.

Southwards, a high bank of darkness rose against the sky; but in its midst gleamed a jagged rent of light, intensely brilliant.

The atmosphere was insufferably sultry, and sometimes a low moan was audible amid the cordage.

The captain, glass in hand, stood gazing fixedly at that ominous sign in the heavens.

"Dirty weather coming on, skipper?" asked Maxwell's companion.

The officer did not heed his question.

"Strip her!" he roared through his trumpet. "Every rag down, except the top-gallants! Perdition! It's on us!"

It was. It came with a dreadful shriek, split vast sheets of canvas into tatters; hurled away a topmast with all its hamper, encumbering the deck, and throwing the crew for a moment into panic and disorder.

In an instant the sea was boiling and white with foam.

The terror-stricken convicts, free, in the confusion, from all control, rushed to and fro with frantic exclamations.

But of all the cowards in that stately ship, now plunging among the billows, not one exhibited so abject a countenance as did Anthony Maxwell.

His face blanched, his limbs shook; he could not speak for the chattering of his teeth. He clung to the other man, who, however, shook him off with an oath.

Was this after all to be the end of his scheming, the robbery of his dead accomplice, his escape, and the dream in which he had idealised a future for himself in a country where there would be none to accuse, none, even, to suspect him? Not the slightest notice was taken of his ignoble terrors.

The axes were at work, hewing away the wreckage on the deck. Such sailors as were bold enough to obey orders went aloft to take in whatever sail was left; the vessel rolled over on her beam ends, shipping a terrific sea.

Suddenly the sky seemed riven from east to west, and the gulf thus opened was filled with flame that appeared to pour in a stream rather than flash between one huge array of thunder-clouds and another.

Evidently the ship was destined never to finish that voyage.

She had been overtaken, utterly unprepared, by one of the most terrible Atlantic tempests. Nearly every man on board had lost his head, while the piercing cries and insane clings of the women to one another, and even to the seamen, aggravated the common peril.

Then arose the question—the boats? Could they be lowered? If so, was there a chance of their living amid that tremendous heaving and dashing of the waters?

In the fury of a despair approaching to madness the attempt was made; a score of wretches crowded in, and were instantly scattered and drowning among the waves.

Almost alone, the captain remained at his post, or rather took the helm, in the futile attempt to keep the vessel's head before the storm.

In vain; she lay helpless in the trough of the sea, and it was obvious that she must presently founder.

The wildest execrations mingled with the most piteous cries. Human nature showed itself in its utmost contrast then.

Some fell upon their knees in loud and lamentable supplication; others leaped into the sea; a number of the convicts broke into the spirit-room, and began to drink so savagely, that more than one dropped dead after his first draught. Anthony Maxwell grovelled, half standing, half lying, against one of the bulwarks.

He was almost sobbing with fear when, during a lull of only a few seconds' duration, and by the light of a flash that seemed to set the Heavens on fire, he saw a white figure emerge from below, and come reeling across the deck. With an awful cry, a woman staggered to where he, even more terrified than herself, cowered against the bulwark.

"Save me!" she shrieked, as a great shudder shook every timber of the huge hull.

Only for one instant—only for time enough to exchange a single glance—did the owners of those two faces, with the death pallor already upon them, recognise each other—that man and that wife, who had parted on the steps of the altar to meet thus in an accidental embrace of horror, and go down together into a nameless grave beneath the billows of the Atlantic Ocean—Anthony Maxwell and the wilful Charlotte Cooper.

For with another trembling of her frame, with a renewed rush of water that rose and curled like an arch across her deck, the doomed ship "Defiance" threw her bowsprit high into the air, and went down stern foremost with all her freight of hopes and griefs, and innocence and crime, and those strange companions, at first of a day, and at last of a moment, went with her.

There was too much impulse in the love of Constance Hope for her cousin to be altogether unworthy.

It had once filled her mind, or, rather, her heart, with unwomanly thoughts—for the heart can think, whatever the philosophers may say—and she was, moreover, ashamed to remember that it had almost tempted her to discreditable acts.

But it was with a feeling of pride, rather exaggerated, perhaps, that she reflected how, renouncing her passion at the last moment, she had not only pardoned the bridegroom, but even praised the bride.

For herself, her lot was to be a lonely one—so all these impetuous creatures think when the first idol of their youth has been shattered on their path—and she sincerely trusted that the twain might be happy.

So complicated a thing, however, is human nature, that it was with feelings not quite understood by herself, she received a letter, with an enclosure, containing the last malignity of that miserable being, the woman Cooper, who could not possibly leave England without putting a draught of moral poison upon somebody's table.

The letter ran:

"AFTER my last tryst with Mr. Stanley Hope, at the Blue Cross, I picked up the enclosed.

"Your dutiful servant,

"CHARLOTTE."

The enclosure was the communication which Stanley Hope had received on the day of his marriage, and with the contents of which he was unwilling to pain his young wife until they should have been peacefully settled at home.



[DESPAIRING LOVE.]

Should she return it to him? Her knowledge, gained too late, of the girl's character old her, with the force of intuition, that it was not designed to leave the happiness of either undisturbed.

Might it not, then, be an act of friendship—how that cold word smote her to the soul!—to withhold it? On the other hand, it was, possibly, of importance, and its suppression might lead to regrettable consequences in the future.

Then should she read it, and determine for herself?

"I will," she thought. "I am his cousin, and I do it with no bad purpose. There is nothing, I am sure, in either of their lives to blush about."

She did read the paper—at first, to all appearance, not comprehending it.

She read it again, and sat for a long time, with every sign of bewilderment upon her countenance. At last she said aloud:

"Poor child! It would be wicked to tell her. I will go to Evelyn. That girl is worse than I thought."

No very deep intimacy existed between Miss Hope and Miss Hedley; but a curious fortune had brought them together, and there was something reciprocal in their characters.

To Norman Chase, therefore, went the imperative Constance, half dreading her task, however, though what she had to speak of could only affect Evelyn in a secondary degree.

Evelyn heard her with less betrayal of agitation than she had expected.

"Would he?" she asked, "would he, whom I was taught to look upon and love, as my father, wish her to know this?"

"It is you alone who can answer that question, Evelyn," said Constance. "Did he wish you to know it?"

"It was the agony of his life—the fear that I should. But I will go to my mother. Come with me, Constance you do not know her yet."

They found Lady Norman engaged in look-

ing over and sorting a number of time and travel-stained papers, some of which were already tied into little bundles—these with white, those with black, ribbon.

"What are you doing, mamma? and what are these?" asked Evelyn, with sudden anxiety, as she remarked the expression of concentrated determination upon her mother's face.

Then, noting the quick look which Lady Norman cast upon her companion, she added:

"This is Constance Hope, a dear friend of mine; you have heard of her. Chance has brought to her knowledge a dreadful thing, mamma, which, I think, not even you have heard of—this paper."

Lady Norman took it, and read:

"An unauthorised, and yet irrepressible, interest in Miss Fairleigh compels me to write this. Her father, you are already aware, is Henry Mainwaring, lately known as Sir Norman Hedley."

"But what you do not know is that, beneath the pressure of a long remorse, his mind has utterly broken down, that he fancies himself to be The Wandering Jew, and that he has resolved to roam about for the remainder of his life, sleeping in forests and ruins, and never more uncovering his face to the sight of men. In plain words, he is downright mad, and raves about his daughter."

"But the name upon which he invariably calls is 'Evelyn,' and no other. Sometimes, however, he styles himself Judas, and then he seems more frenzied than ever. It is fit that you should hear this, but I, an unknown friend, ask whether your sweet child-betrothed cannot be spared the knowledge."

There was no signature. Lady Norman seemed lost as in a dream. At length, she spoke:

"This was written by Richard Thornton. He is right. But it may be difficult to keep the secret from the poor girl. You remember, Evelyn, the half-waking, half sleeping dreams she told us of, about India, and her excitement when she saw that Indian Diorama?"

It was agreed that, at any rate, everything should be done to suppress the half-told secret revealed in this letter.

But it may as well be stated at once that, in an after time, when Stanley's young wife received intelligence of Henry Mainwaring's insanity, she only said, amid some simple tears over the fate of a man whom she had never been taught to love:

"My poor father! Then it was madness that made him so strange, and he had never committed any crime at all—only fancied it!"

Which was the happiest and most merciful interpretation that could have been put upon the mystery.

"And now, mamma," said Evelyn, after this topic had been put aside, "you have not said what you are doing with these papers."

"Evelyn," replied the lady—"Miss Hope, you are in her confidence, and therefore must be in mine—these are the sorrows and joys of my past. I shall leave them with you. They will help you to think forgivingly of her who left her child so long and so heartlessly to the care of strangers."

"What are you saying, my mother?" cried the young girl, throwing herself into Lady Norman's arms. "Why do you speak of leaving them with me? We are together, and why should we be separated?"

"This house, my daughter," was the answer, "will soon, I hope, possess a new master, your husband. You are now its unquestionable heiress, without an enemy to struggle against."

Evelyn shuddered.

"As for me, I must return from whence I came. I cannot live at Norman Chase, with that grave, and with these memories. I have bidden adieu to him in his tomb, and the work of my life is done. When Herbert Leaholme enters here with you as his bride, I shall pass out, but my love for my child will rest with her until, and after—who knows?—I pass, also, away from the world."

(To be Continued.)



[TREACHERY.]

"MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sinned Against: Not Sinning," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

CAMFRELL.

CLEMENT WOODLEIGH has told the exact truth, when he says he must go and find his friend, Sir Mervyn.

Certainly, the painter repairs to the smoking-room, and not finding his host there he lights a cigar and strolls out into the rose-garden.

He is almost tempted to think all is fair in love and war, and that he would be perfectly justified in wooing and winning the Lady Isola.

To another man the circumstance of her being so easily won might have depreciated her value in his eyes; but it was not so with Clement Woodleigh.

He highly valued the very fact of her so openly showing her feelings; as it was evidence of her innocent and ingenuous mind; incapable of and unknowing deceit of any kind.

"I've heard it said," he soliloquises, "that if Ferdinand had not come to the island that Miranda would have ended by falling in love with Caliban! I wonder if the Lady Isola simply thinks of me because I am about the first man she has ever seen! Independent of not wishing to do anything dishonourable—that is one reason—I should not like to bind her. Let her go out in the world with her father and see other men, and then let her choose."

These thoughts rapidly flash through his

mind as he walks up and down the rose-garden.

Presently he comes in sight of the drawing-room windows, and he pauses as he looks in from his post under a rose-walk.

He sees the Lady Isola seated in the deep window seat, and then he sees Geraldine Butler enter the room and say something to her.

Then Clement Woodleigh sees the two leave the room, and he can just see their figures as they pass round by the shrubbery path. At first, his impulse is to follow them; but then, he thinks he would prefer a conversation with the Lady Isola when there is no one by—most certainly not Miss Geraldine Butler.

The painter continues his walk up and down; he wonders the two girls do not return, and he is just thinking of going in search of them when a faint scream breaks upon his ear.

Is it fancy, or does he really think there rings upon the still evening air the agonised voice of the Lady Isola, crying:

"Clement! Clement!"

It must be imagination, he reasons. Nevertheless, he goes in the direction whence he thinks the cries proceed.

Meanwhile, Geraldine Butler, genuinely frightened at the success of her plot, flies from the scene; she has not advanced very far when a thought strikes her.

If she be seen, and without the Lady Isola, how can she account for the disappearance of the latter?

Therefore, as soon as she thinks she has given the abductors a fair start, she screams lustily, to give the idea of her running for help in a state of wild despair and terror.

"Help! help!" she shrieks—"Help! Someone has taken away the Lady Isola!"

There is no mistake now. As Clement Woodleigh comes to the entrance to the shrubbery path, he hears the cry and rushes forward. He sees a figure coming wildly towards him in the shade of the overarching trees; and in another minute Geraldine Butler is at his side.

Her face is very white, for Geraldine Butler

is honestly alarmed at the part she has undertaken to play in this melo-drama. She clasps her hands wildly and looks up in Clement Woodleigh's face.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he demands. "Where is the Lady Isola?"

"Some men attacked us, and took her away!" she exclaims. "Run, Mr. Woodleigh, run! They went in that direction!" indicating the very opposite direction to that in which they really went.

Clement Woodleigh needed no further bidding; he stopped for one minute to say:

"Miss Butler, go as fast as you can to the house and tell Sir Mervyn."

And then Clement Woodleigh dashes through the park on his fruitless search.

Now and again he stops, but hears no sound save the sighing of the night breeze through the branches of the trees, and "the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree."

Hatless, he hurries on and on, peering here and there, but finding no trace of the Lady Isola.

The moon, which had been riding on high, gliding through the clouds like a ghost, has become obscured, so that now there is no light but the faint gleam of the summer's night.

Clement Woodleigh comes to the edge of the park, and finds himself upon the road not far from where stands the farmhouse of the Jordans.

As they are to form part of the exploring party to the Towers to-morrow, it occurs to him to go now and seek their help.

They kept early hours at the farmhouse, and everyone has gone to bed. However, Clement Woodleigh knocks, and in another minute Stephen Jordan puts his head out of a window and demands to know the cause of the disturbance.

He is soon told of it. Hastily rousing his father and brother, they all hold a council as to what is best to be done.

"I think," suggests Clement Woodleigh, "that one ought to go back to Petherick Place

and tell a man to drive over to Weirhampton and inform the police of this fresh outrage."

"I'll saddle a horse in five minutes and ride over myself," volunteers Stephen Jordan.

"Where shall I find you when I return, sir?"

"We had better, I think, go in the direction of Brakeholme Towers."

"Suppose we divide, and each go a separate way on the search?" says Mark Jordan.

"That would be a foolhardy thing to do," replies his father. "Mr. Woodleigh says there were several men, so one of us could be easily overpowered."

"You are quite right, Farmer Jordan," says Clement Woodleigh. "We had better all go in a body."

Armed with sticks and a pair of horse-pistols, the farmer, his son, and Clement Woodleigh set off in the direction of the Towers; whilst Stephen Jordan rides off to Weirhampton to alarm the police.

The night has become quite dark now, so that it would be quite impossible to detect anyone lurking amongst the trees.

They walk stealthily, stopping every now and again to listen, but nothing rewards their vigilance.

They do not speak above a whisper; and have now reached the bank of the river.

Something dark and swift glides along.

Clement Woodleigh stops, and says, excitedly, in a whisper:

"Perhaps some of the clan may be in the barge!"

"Let us ask. Let us desire them to stop,"

says a Farmer Jordan. "Mark, hail them!"

"Yo, ho!" shouts Mark Jordan's stentorian voice, as he puts a hand each side of his mouth.

The barge glides on, merely giving an answering shout in return.

"That looks bad," says Mark; "it is a point of the river etiquette that a boat stops when it is hailed. And I tell you what," he continues, shading his keen eyes with his hand, "that isn't one of the river barges either, it's a strange boat, with a power of cutting through the water like a knife."

They are standing on the bank at a place where the river bends almost abruptly, and upon the top of which bank the trees grow high and thick. As they climb up, Clement Woodleigh says:

"What is that extraordinary light through the trees—not moonlight surely?"

"No," replies Mark, "it is more like fire."

They hurry round the bend of the river, but come into the deep forest; presently they emerge into the open space by the river, at the opposite side of which stands Brakeholme Towers.

The light increases, and now, as they stand awestricken on the bank, what a sight meets their gaze!

Columns of smoke rise from the Towers, with here and there a tongue of fire. As they gaze on the dire spectacle, the flames suddenly leap up with a roar, and Brakeholme Towers breaks into flames in three places.

"Look at that!" exclaims Clement Woodleigh, in a horrified tone of voice. "See! the whole thing has been premeditated—you see the place bursts into flames at various points. Great heavens!" continues the young man in an agony; "and perhaps the Lady Isola is in the building."

The very idea lends wings to his feet. In almost an incredibly short time Farmer Jordan has gone to his own homestead to procure assistance; his son Mark goes in an opposite direction to rouse up some of their farm labourers, and Clement Woodleigh speeds back to Petherick Place.

"Where is Sir Mervyn?" he inquires, hurriedly, from the footman who opens the door.

"Gone on with his valet and Mr. Lennox, sir, in consequence of some information received from Miss Butler."

"Gordon!" exclaims Clement Woodleigh, "go and tell every man about the place that Brakeholme Towers is on fire! and tell them to hurry off there and to help."

"Oh! sir, you don't mean it?"

"I do mean it! Don't stand staring there; do as I tell you. Where is Miss Butler?"

"In the drawing-room, sir."

Clement Woodleigh proceeds there, and tells the awful tale.

Geraldine Butler listens like one in a dream—a horrible dream, from which there must be some awaking.

"I don't like to leave the place without one man, Mr. Woodleigh," says the old butler, who meets the painter in the hall. "But for that I would go myself. However, I have done my best, and have sent one of the under footmen to send on the parish fire engines."

CHAPTER XX.

All precious things, discovered late
To those that seek them, issue forth,
For love in equal words with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.

THANKING the man, Clement Woodleigh again hurries away.

Scarcely has he got outside the gates of Petherick Place, when he meets a squadron of mounted police, accompanied by Stephen Jordan.

They stop as the latter recognises the painter, and the chief constable says:

"Is there a fire anywhere in the neighbourhood, sir? We thought we saw a red glare over the tops of the trees as we came along."

"Yes! yes!" he exclaims, "go on as fast as you can. Brakeholme Towers is on fire."

"Men!" says the officer promptly, addressing his squadron, "ride into the stables at Petherick Place, and leave your horses. They will only be in the way, and frightened at the fire. Take mine," he continues, "and then follow on as fast as you can. I shall accompany you, sir."

On the way Clement Woodleigh recounts all that has happened; and when he tells of the strange barge upon the river the officer says:

"Depend upon it, sir, they arranged to set fire to the Towers, and then to escape in that barge; that is it."

The news of the disaster was soon known all over the neighbourhood. The country people came in crowds, as much, it must be confessed, from curiosity to try and discover something concerning the mysterious Brakeholme Towers, as in many instances from any desire of rendering any assistance.

But Clement Woodleigh, Sir Mervyn Petherick, the police and their officer, together with Farmer Jordan and his stalwart sons—all take the responsibility of directing the crowd, so that after a few hours work they succeed in getting under the flames to some extent.

It is a wild and weird sight, as the flames leap up against the dark sky and throw their light far into the depths of the forest, and are again reflected back from the river Brake. And daylight comes, to find two wings of Brakeholme Towers a mass of blackened ruins.

The police have much difficulty in hindering the inquisitive crowd from rushing in, in their desire to gratify their curiosity. Eventually a guard is placed at each entrance.

"Mr. Woodleigh," says Lord Rainsford, who has promptly attended since he first heard of the fire, and who has worked at the engines as hard as anyone else, "you have been so active in this matter all through, that you are really the one to advise us what is best to have done."

"From what I recollect of the interior of the Towers," replies Clement Woodleigh, who had been closely scanning the remaining portion, "I should say that the apartments in which I met with so many strange adventures, and also the apartment in which I found the Lady Isola, yet remain intact, and I would suggest as the better way of getting to them, that we try and find the entrance to the subterranean passage by which I entered Brakeholme Towers."

"A good idea!" exclaims Lord Rainsford, who is a shrewd-looking, benevolent-countenanced man. "Let us do so."

"Easier said than done," says Clement

Woodleigh, with a little smile; "but let us try."

They walk round the ruins about the place indicated by Clement Woodleigh, but for a long time fail to find any entrance of the trap-door.

At length Lord Rainsford strikes his stick upon something which sounds hollow underneath, and cries out:

"Here it is! Here it is! I am sure!"

Stephen Jordan, who is nearest, rushes to the spot. Yes; there is the iron ring, hidden in the moss and grass.

With the help of some of the others, the stone is removed, and the entrance to the subterranean passage is seen.

About a dozen of the men assembled follow Clement Woodleigh, as he leads the way which he had before traversed in fear and trembling; but which he now explores with the desire of clearing up whatever mystery there may yet be connected with the "Towers."

All this time the young man's heart has been aching to know the fate of the Lady Isola.

It sets him frantic—even to the edge of desperation—to think, that under any circumstances, she can ever be again under the influence of the two persons—the man and the woman—who had so basely and so cruelly used her, and who had so treacherously, if cleverly, and there was no denying the ingenuity of their conduct, betrayed her, and had rendered her young life miserable.

The thought maddens him, and each time he fully realises the horrors of it, it spurs him on to fresh exertion.

They have now reached the court off which opens the first mysterious room through which Clement Woodleigh had advanced to the interior of the Towers.

It is in exactly the state he has described it; so are all the rooms, even to the apartment with the rich stuffs scattered so carelessly about it.

"But where is the extraordinary room you have described, Mr. Woodleigh, where the furniture seemed to disappear in such a miraculous manner?" asks Lord Rainsford. "I think I am more especially curious to see that room than any one in the Towers."

"I think I am the more anxious to see the apartment in which the poor girl was incarcerated by these two wretched people for so many years," interposes Mr. Lennox, who has been much struck with the glorious beauty of the Lady Isola, and with a corresponding degree of indignation against her cruel keepers.

"You shall see it, sir, all in good time," replies Clement Woodleigh. "We are nearer to the room of which Lord Rainsford speaks than to the one in which the Lady Isola was found. As well as I can recollect, considering my state of amazement and bewilderment at the time, I think the mysterious apartment with the ghostly tables and chairs is at the end of this corridor."

And he opens a door as he speaks.

They pass down a corridor, and Clement Woodleigh opens a door at the other end.

There is the apartment just as he had seen it first, and just as he had described it to those now assembled.

The only differences in it are that there is no person there, and that the garish light of day shows the rich couches and sofas to be old and faded, and of a fashion of a bygone age. Lord Rainsford, who is quite a mechanical genius, closely examines the furniture. His keen eye takes in every detail of the mechanism, and he exclaims:

"My dear friends, I see it all! Look here!"

And he wheels a chair straight along before him as he speaks.

The slightest impetus possible has been given to it, yet it swiftly and noiselessly glides along until it touches a panel in the wall, which glides aside with a touch, and the chair is enclosed in the aperture disclosed.

"And look further!" remarks Lord Rainsford, much elated with his discovery. "You see, not one of these couches or chairs will move except in its own particular groove."

It is quite true.

One by one they send the pieces of furniture speeding swiftly along the spacious apartment, and as each one touches its own especial panel the latter slips aside, and the articles are enclosed in the various apertures.

The party look from one to the other in sheer consternation, almost unable to utter a single word.

Clement Woodleigh is the first to speak.

"Well," he exclaims, with a little comical, half-puzzled smile, "I must confess, Lord Rainsford, that this is rather a prosaic way of accounting for the mysterious disappearance of the furniture. It quite knocks on the head my theory of their being spirited away in some remarkable manner."

"I am sorry you are disappointed," says Lord Rainsford, good-naturedly, "but I strongly suspect that much of the so-called supernatural may, in most cases, be easily and sensibly accounted for."

"I agree with you," replies the long-headed, practical lawyer; "but instead of discussing that point, Lord Rainsford, just at present, had we not better continue our examination of this room?"

"There is the panel behind which I was confined," says Clement Woodleigh, indicating it.

They succeed at last in finding the spring, and examine it. There is no exit from it as far as they can see.

They spent much time in trying to find out the secret of the other panels, into which the furniture slid so easily. But they fail to do so.

The oaken walls are as smoothly joined as though they had never opened, and at length Clement Woodleigh suggests:

"Had we not better leave the examination of this apartment to some other time, and go through the Towers now and see if there be any one in it?"

He has a faint, despairing hope in his mind that they may find the Lady Isola. His advice is acted upon.

As they pass down another corridor he points out the passage through which the woman Muriel had sent him when he had escaped from Brakeholme Towers. But this they do not now explore.

They pass on—on through corridors and half-furnished suites of rooms, where the grim old portraits look down upon them as though wondering what is the cause of this invasion of strangers.

Each corridor the rooms open upon Clement Woodleigh hopes may be the one off which the Lady Isola's room had opened; but each time he is disappointed.

"The place is even of greater extent than I thought," says Mr. Lennox. "I knew it was of a vast size, but I had no idea of anything like this."

Through a small passage they now pass to a different kind of place altogether. It has an earthy, underground smell, and as Stephen Jordan wipes the dirt off one of the grimy windows, he says:

"Do you know that we are gradually going underground. I can only just reach up to this window, and I find it to be level with the ground outside."

It is quite true.

The place is cold and damp even on this lovely summer's morning, yet it has a more inhabited feel than any other part of the place that they have yet been in.

This circumstance strikes the whole party, and they determine to go on further. But for the first time since they attempted their explorations they find the door locked!

CHAPTER XXI.

The face of the earth hath maddened me,
And I take refuge in her mysteries. MARSH.

THE door is low, arched, strongly made of oak, studded with iron nails, and clamped with iron.

The lock is a huge, ponderous affair, and there is no handle of any kind.

Lord Rainsford looks critically at the lock. Furthermore, getting a match from one of the bystanders, he lights it, holds it in the large keyhole, and then remarks:

"This door has been quite recently opened. However, let each man look for himself."

Each one does so, and each one comes to the same conclusion.

"Perhaps there is someone inside," suggests Clement Woodleigh; "we ought to knock and shout."

No sooner said than done. They both knock and shout lustily, and then listen for any sound.

But there is none. Again they knock, and Clement Woodleigh shouts through the keyhole this time, and then puts his ear to it.

"Hush!" he exclaims, for those around him are speaking. "I fancy I hear footsteps."

He is right—nearer and nearer they come—and then stop.

They preserve a dead silence, for all hear the footsteps, and wait for either the opening of the door, or for speech of some kind.

Clement Woodleigh again knocks at the door; and a clear woman's voice says, from the other side:

"Why do you trouble me unnecessarily. You know you have the keys and can enter when you like. What do you want?"

There is a dead silence, broken only by a gasping cry from Mr. Lennox, who grasps Sir Mervyn Petherick's arm tightly.

"Who are you?" asks Clement Woodleigh, through the keyhole.

"Who are you?" the voice within asks.

"If you are anyone who is unjustly kept a prisoner here," says Clement Woodleigh, "we have come to release you. We are friends. You need have no fear. We are here in the interests of the Earl of Brakeholme. Tell us who you are."

The woman within gives a faint scream.

"I cannot open the door!" she exclaims, piteously. "They always come and unlock it, and then lock it afterwards."

"Then the door must be forced," says Lord Rainsford, peremptorily. "Mr. Lennox," turning to the old lawyer, who is pale as death, "have we your consent to do so?"

"Certainly, Lord Rainsford."

The two young farmers have brought a crowbar and some other implements, in anticipation of their being wanted.

They, assisted by Clement Woodleigh, at length succeed in forcing the door, and a little way in the low arched passage stands a woman.

"Mr. Lennox," says Clement Woodleigh, "as the Earl of Brakeholme's representative, will you not enter first?" and he makes way for the lawyer as he speaks.

Mr. Lennox seems to hesitate for a minute, but then, with his customary grave dignity, approaches to where he has a full view of the woman.

She is a remarkable-looking person: tall, with deeply set dark eyes and strongly marked dark eyebrows, which look all the more remarkable from the pallor of her well-formed face. Her hair, which is thick, wavy, and abundant, flows over her shoulders, and she is attired from her neck to her feet in a dark red garment, which is simply fastened in at the waist with a band of the same material.

The woman is not old, although her hair is snowy white; and she stands there, her hands clasped before her, and a look of mingled entreaty and terror on her countenance.

No sooner does she see Mr. Lennox than she gives a shrill cry, and would have fallen to the ground does not Clement Woodleigh catch her in his arms and carry her into the other room.

They all follow. The woman is placed upon the meagre-looking bed, which is the chief furniture of the little room.

"I thought I recognised the voice," says Mr. Lennox, gravely; but with some emotion, as he turns to those assembled; "this is Ellen Ross, the former governess and companion of the Lady Isola."

As he speaks the woman revives, gazes at him, and says:

"George Lennox—and so we have met again!"

"Under strange circumstances, Nellie," he replies, gently, "you must have much to tell us."

"Yes," she replies, slowly, raising herself and looking from one to the other; "but who are all these?"

"They are all friends, Nellie," says Mr. Lennox; "you may depend upon that. This gentleman, Mr. Clement Woodleigh," and he indicates the painter as he speaks, "is the one who has been instrumental in effecting your release, for you are now going to leave this place with me for ever!"

The woman's emotion hinders her from doing more than taking Mr. Lennox's hand, and that of Clement Woodleigh, and pressing them to her lips.

"I hope you will allow me to have the pleasure of taking you to my house for the present," says Sir Mervyn Petherick, coming forward.

"You are very good," she says, "but," turning anxiously to Mr. Lennox, "where is Isola?"

There is no response from any of the party, and Clement Woodleigh says impulsively:

"You will help us to find her."

"What!" she exclaims, starting up wildly; "do you not know where she is?"

"Not at present. Soothe yourself, Nellie," says Mr. Lennox, as she sinks down upon the bed again, and covers her face with her hands.

"Mr. Lennox," says Lord Rainsford, taking the lawyer aside for a minute, "I think I should like to take down whatever Miss Ross has to say before we leave this place; we do not know what might happen; she may become ill from excitement."

"You are quite right," assents Mr. Lennox, and he tells Ellen Ross what Lord Rainsford has said.

"Yes," she says; "I have much to tell, and I know not how long I have been here scarcely."

"Perhaps," suggests Lord Rainsford, "it would be just as well for Mr. Woodleigh to tell his tale first. Of the strange manner in which he effected an entrance to Brakeholme Towers, and of the way in which he rescued the Lady Isola Marbourne."

"Lady Isola!" exclaims Ellen Ross. "Then she is safe."

"Compose yourself, and you shall hear all," says Mr. Lennox, "and we expect you can give us much help in this matter."

So then Clement Woodleigh again tells his tale, and when he comes to tell of the figures walking around the Towers at night, she interrupts him, by saying eagerly:

"I have also seen them. I was taken out to see them, and to be frightened by them! But I was too dauntless a woman to be so intimidated; so I walked over to one before I could be hindered, and snatched off his powdered white wig."

"Well done!" from Sir Mervyn Petherick.

"No," she replies, sadly, "it was not 'well done' for me, for from that time I have never seen the light of day, except through that window." And she points to a small window in the very roof of the small, narrow high room. "But, pray proceed with your narrative."

Clement Woodleigh does as she requests; and everything is told down to the very day upon which he is speaking.

"I have seen no one since yesterday morning," says Ellen Ross, sadly, "when I was left that loaf of bread, some cold meat, and a pitcher of water." And she points to a common little deal table upon which are the remains of the bread and meat. "And last night," she continues, "when I heard the roar of the fire, and heard the crackling of the flames, I gave myself utterly up for lost. I listened and heard voices near me. Men actually walked over the bars of the window above; but I had no light here as a signal, and the noise without hindered my voice from being heard."

"I think I was the person who climbed over

here," interposes Mark Jordan, ruefully. "I am sure, miss, I only wish I'd known you were here, and I'd have torn away the bars, and have got you up in double quick time."

"I am sure you would have done so," she replies, with a faint little smile, "and, therefore, I take the will for the deed."

"Ellen," says Mr. Lennox, gently, "would you mind telling us all that has occurred since you came to the Towers fifteen years ago. You see I have a good memory, and recollect the date well."

"Is it only fifteen years ago?" she asks, dreamily. "My own impression is that it must be fifty! I have not a very great deal to tell," she adds. "Did Isola tell you anything?"

They tell her all that the Lady Isola has been able to remember up to the time when she was parted from her governess.

"I came to know," says Ellen Ross, taking up the narrative where the Lady Isola had ended it, "just about that time, that there were some curious and secret transactions going on in the oldest and most disused portion of Brakeholme Towers. Accordingly, not trusting the two obsequious servants who waited upon Isola and me, I watched, and found out for myself—for one night I walked into the room, and saw very nearly the same kind of scene that you have described." And she turned to Clement Woodleigh as she speaks; "but I was not daunted by their apparent mystery, for I told them I should write to the Earl of Brakeholme that very night. Of course I was immediately put under restraint. They made no secret of their calling as smugglers, and since then I have been their prisoner."

"Ellen!" says Mr. Lennox, rising from the side of the bed where he had been sitting beside her, and facing her. "Only their prisoner?"

"Only their prisoner!" she replies. "What else could I have been?"

"Never their accomplice, Ellen?"

"Great heavens! Never!" she exclaims.

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Then how am I to account for the letters received from you every week during the past fifteen years?"

(To be Continued.)

HINTS FOR BOYS.

It has been wisely said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men." What is it they ought to know, then?

First—To be true, to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better not know a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false at heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

Second—To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves, with doubtful stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague-spot, a leper, who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean," as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

Third—To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble, manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

Fourth—To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honourable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things; when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

THE SURVIVORS;

OR,

John Grindem's Nephew.

CHAPTER III.

A YOUTH of fifteen, wandering in the streets of London, homeless and friendless, looking for work, with only two pounds in his pocket, is in a decidedly ticklish situation.

That he will fail to secure a place is morally certain. That he will get into some serious embarrassment or peril, is more than likely.

If Albert Graham could have referred to his wealthy uncle, the well-known John Grindem, he would no doubt have found a place in which he would have received at least his keeping for his services.

But John Grindem's nephew was not the sort of youth to even hint, in the remotest terms, that there was the least connection between that distinguished merchant and himself.

The treatment the lad had received from his relative, as related, had decided him upon this course of action.

"I can starve, if necessary," was the thought that actuated Albert, "but I can never refer to a man who has so coarsely and meanly insulted the memory of my dead father and mother."

The natural pluck of our hero was sufficient to maintain him in his good resolution.

We need not delay our narrative by recording his numerous disappointments.

Day after day he trudged the streets of the great metropolis, offering to turn his hand to anything that came in his way, but nobody wanted him, or if they did they did not want to take into their service a youth of whom they knew nothing.

On several occasions Albert was obliged to confess that he had come to the city with the intention of entering the service of an uncle, but that his uncle declined to receive him.

The mere statement of these facts was sufficient to defeat his applications.

The money of our hero was soon gone, despite the zealous care with which he husbanded it.

The hour came, as a matter of course, when he hadn't a penny for his supper and lodgings.

That night he lodged in the open air in one of the parks, with the drawback of being repeatedly moved on by a pompous policeman. Fortunately the season was summer, and the weather unusually pleasant.

The following day brought the first serious pang of hunger our hero had ever encountered. All the day long he wandered vainly, repeating his constant demands for something to do.

Towards night he was so fortunate as to interest an old sailor in his misfortunes, at one of the docks, and the veteran seaman took him to a Sailor's Home, and paid for his supper and lodgings.

In this institution he saw for the first time a double bed, where the double was perpendicular, one bed being raised upon the high posts about four feet above the other.

Having thus drifted into the midst of seamen, the youth heard many a strange story of the great oceans and of the lands beyond them,

and his interest in these things was naturally quickened. He inquired of his new friend if there was not an opening in this direction for him.

"Of course, lad," was the answer. "It is always as easy to go to sea as to gaol, and I'd about as soon do the one thing as the other. Better sew yourself up in a skin, and hire yourself out for a watch-dog!"

This cynical view of a pursuit which is popularly supposed to be romantic and exhilarating, led to a long discussion, which was finally ended by the veteran's declaration that he must be off to his ship, and thus Albert again found himself in due course hungry and houseless.

A second night in the park was made miserable by a smart shower, and a new day dawned with portentous solemnity.

The youth ate his vest for breakfast, through the mediumistic offices of a pawnbroker, and then addressed himself more earnestly than ever to the great problem crowding upon him.

He was sure by this time that he had found a sphere of action in which it was perfectly simple and easy to die of starvation.

Nevertheless he was absolutely puzzled at seeing how busy everybody was around him. It seemed to him that there must be oceans of work in such scenes of constant noise and movement. He accordingly kept trying to find it.

Another day of vain quest was well nigh spent, when Albert paused to rest in one of the busiest thoroughfares of the great metropolis, seating himself upon a bale of cotton that was awaiting removal.

Consequent upon his fatigue and recent exposure, his whole frame was racked with pain, but this circumstance merely added to the activity of the half-despairing glances he cast around him.

Directly across the street was an eating-house, with tempting displays in the window. The eyes of our hero remained fixed in that direction about as steadily as if he had been enchanted.

Adjoining the eating-house was a large wholesale warehouse, the upper portion of which was occupied for business connected with shipping.

A sign caught the youth's attention: "Whalemen Wanted."

Our hero aroused himself. A look of desperate resolve mantled his face.

"I must look into the matter," he muttered. "There are worse things than being a whaler."

The youth was right. For many years our whaling fleet was a great nursery of seamen.

It is not too much to say that this was a bad nursery for many a youngster, but it is equally certain that many a leading citizen of the country owes to the whaling service his first serious lesson of reliance and duty.

As noble hearts have beaten under the whaleman's jacket as under any other garb in existence.

There was, indeed, a long period, during the palmy days of the business, when a youth of spirit, ambitious to see the world, or possessed by yearnings too vast for his "native heath," very naturally shipped for a voyage around the world in a whaler.

The principal offices, or headquarters, for the gathering of these recruits, were, of course, in the great cities, and chiefly in London and Liverpool.

Among the most noted of these shipping-offices, at the period of which we write, was one in West Street, up a long pair of stairs, and in the rear of the building—the one Albert now had before him.

The "office" was a great box of a room, as dingy as a fore-castle, with a desk or two for use in addition to a few chairs, and with a nautical daub or two for ornament.

By some happy or mysterious fatality, the name of the firm in charge of these premises was Ketchum.

The members of this noted firm were three in number—a father and his two sons—the former known as the "Commodore," and the latter as Jack, or Bill, or anything else that anybody chose to call them.

They were all as cunning as foxes, and their success, year after year, in their particular line of business, was simply prodigious. They caught a great many.

The "commodore" had been to sea a dozen years himself, but whether as an actual commodore, or as hand before the mast, was a mystery that no man ever probed to within gun-shot of a conclusion.

He was marvellously gifted with speech, as with a capacity for accepting every "treat" offered him, and yet never becoming tipsy.

It was generally asserted among the "boys" that the old man's stomach held three or four barrels, but the real fact in the case, as known to the initiated, was that he invariably watched his opportunity, after the first drink or two, and emptied his glass into the saw-dust spittoons that stood under the edge of the bar-room counters.

By this system he assisted several of his friends to dispose of their wine and liquors, without doing himself the least injury.

The two sons were "chips of the old block" in everything, and especially in the matter of inducing unsophisticated youths from the provinces to make the close personal acquaintance of the great cetacean.

To hear either of the three talk, a listener would have been forced to conclude that the creation of the whale was the one great feat of the Creator, and that the sole object for which every man is born into this world is to pursue the unwieldy monster and convert him into bags of sovereigns!

Albert Graham had scarcely fixed his eyes upon the building occupied by these worthies, and taken a couple of steps in that direction, when he found himself confronted by a young man of five and twenty years, who was dressed in a showy nautical suit, and whose face was one great outburst of inexpressible joy.

"Why, how do you do, Jimmy Wilkins?" he cried, extending his hand. "I am perfectly delighted to see you."

Albert recoiled in surprise.

"My name is not Jimmy Wilkins," he hastened to explain. "There is some mistake."

"Sure enough—now that I look more closely at you," said the stranger, volubly. "But you look enough like my old friend to be his brother. You must certainly come from the same part of the country he did. What is your name, anyhow?"

Albert hesitated a moment. But the stranger was such a frank and good-natured fellow, and proceeded in such a careless and off-hand manner, that our hero communicated his name and late residence, the more especially as he was not ashamed of either, and had no fear of any human being.

"The deuce! You are just the young man I have been looking for," said the stranger, more volubly than before, after he had scanned for a moment our hero's anxious visage. "A friend of mine, Mr. Ketchum, just across the way, is anxious to get just one more honest and respectable young man from the country to complete a crew for a ship now ready to sail. If Jimmy Wilkins was here, he should of course have the place, but I like your looks well enough to take you in Jimmy's place. Have a drink?"

"Thank you—I never drink."

"Have a cigar, then?"

"Thank you—I never smoke!"

"Better and better," commented the stranger, enthusiastically. "I wish I could say as much," and he puffed away vigorously at the cigar he was smoking. "My name is Astor. Been in town some days, I suppose?" and Mr. Astor again scanned the youth's pinched and pale features. "Haven't found an opening yet, I darsay? Just the way of the world! I've been through the whole thing myself, and know

how to sympathise with you. Let's step into that eating-house opposite, I'm as hungry as a wolf! No excuse, now. I'm sure you are the boy to take Jimmy's place, and we'll talk about that after we have filled our stomachs!"

The bait took, of course.

Albert Graham was duly captured. His brief and plain repast over, he followed his new acquaintance up the long stairs to the presence of "Commodore" Ketchum.

"Here, Commodore," announced Mr. Astor, indicating our hero, "is a very particular friend of mine, Mr. Albert Graham, who has half consented to take Jimmy's place in the ship that sails to-morrow."

"Glad to see Mr. Graham," greeted the commodore, removing his cigar from his lips and extending his hand. "Blowed if I didn't take you at first for Jimmy Wilkins himself! How much you look like him!"

"That's what Mr. Astor said, sir!"

A chair was passed out to Albert politely, and he took a seat, looking at his surroundings, and especially at the half-dozen men who were present.

"You've taken a notion to try the sea, eh, sonny?" asked an old sailor, with a new tarpaulin, who sat in one corner smoking a black and stumpy pipe.

"Yes, sir."

"It's the greatest business in the world, my lad—especially if you take a berth in a whaler," assured the veteran.

"Oh, he's going in Jimmy's place," affirmed the "commodore," smilingly. "It is already promised him."

At this there was a general merriment. Various winks were exchanged by those present.

Mr. Astor excused himself, saying he wished to see a man, but expressed the hope that he should see his new friend with the rest in the course of the following morning. And with this he abruptly vanished.

"And now to business, Mr. Graham," said the "commodore," turning to our hero. "Let me tell you about the proposed voyage, and what nice times there are before you."

And with this Mr. Ketchum began his tale of enchantments.

The ship in question was going to the Pacific, and was expected to be absent a couple of years.

Albert was to be found in clothes, fed like a prince, and have for his own one barrel of oil out of every one hundred and eighty. The work was light, simply to pull an oar occasionally, or to take in sail.

Any oil coming to our hero could be sold for cash to the owners.

If he should be ill, medicine would be supplied gratis.

The captain of the ship was a sort of missionary, who had no other object in view than to make his crew happy.

As a specimen of his kindness, it was enough to mention that the ship would carry several cows just to give milk for the sailors to put in their coffee, and to use in making nice custards and cakes and puddings.

In short, if Mr. Graham chose to look at the matter in that light, he had the opportunity of making a pleasure tour of the world at the expense of the generous commander and the owners!

By the time the cunning shipping agent had finished his communications, our hero had become decidedly interested.

He had too much good sense not to see that there was a great deal of fraud in that worthy's statements, but the same good sense showed him that there was a basis of reality under all the illusive representations of the tempter.

"I am ready to join at once, Commodore Ketchum," he said, when that interested personage had come to a pause in his wordy labours. "Not that I attach the least importance to many of the 'yarns' you have told me. I do not believe I shall have a shilling at the end of two years to show for my efforts. But I shall have gained an experience in nautical matters that will enable me to take a higher berth when fate again brings us together. If the chance is

afforded me, I will at least be a thorough sailor and navigator, and that is the sole reason I have for shipping."

The commodore started to his feet, bringing his hand down upon the table before him with such emphasis that every article upon it shook or rattled.

"By jingo! that's the best speech I've heard in thirty years!" he cried, looking around upon his cronies and confederates. "The boy's true blue—as sound as a new shilling! I'll give you a letter to the owners, my lad, that will do you no harm, and do all in my power to make your berth pleasant."

An hour later Albert Graham was on his way, with twenty-one other recruits, in one of the steamers.

CHAPTER IV.

For a moment a sense of dread and loneliness oppressed the heart of our heroine as she looked up into the dark face of her companion, and then a keen look of disgust crept into her pale cheeks.

"Is this a moment in which to talk to me of love and marriage, Mr. Baker?" she asked, in a voice of ringing pathos. "Are these the surroundings under which a lady would think of such matters?"

Mr. Baker comprehended at once that he had made a serious mistake, under the spur of his eagerness and haste.

"Forgive me, Miss Prescott," he said, turning pale with the violence of his emotions. "I have been rude and brutal. All I meant to say or suggest is, that you and your father are in an awful fix and that I alone can save you."

A faint cry came out of the cabin in the stillness that again succeeded.

"My poor father!" cried the girl, agitatedly. "He wants me."

She turned and vanished abruptly.

"It seems that I have put my foot in it again," muttered Baker, looking after her. "The truth is, I am too much infatuated with her to have full possession of my faculties. At such an hour as this I should have had sense enough to keep myself and my wishes in the background. Perhaps it is not yet too late to adopt this policy. Let's see if I cannot be useful."

He followed the girl as noiselessly as possible, entering the cabin.

The scene here presented to his gaze was worthy of a tragic painter.

Upon a rude bed in the centre of the floor lay a man of forty years of age, whose moments were visibly numbered—a man whose once powerful and commanding form had been reduced to the most pitiable helplessness by a long and painful illness.

This man was Cortland Prescott, for many years one of the most prosperous merchants of the metropolis.

He had been seriously crippled in his resources by a number of failures, and a case of glaring dishonesty in one of his customers, and during the succeeding year had been literally forced out of business by a brief but serious panic, which had left it impossible for him to save from the wreck of his once handsome fortune more than a few hundreds.

He was thus naturally in a position for the great gold discoveries of California to command his attention, and he had been one of the earliest to think of emigrating to this new sphere of action, in the hope of recovering his position.

He had accordingly been one of those to secure passage in the "Messenger," he having a preference for the route by Cape Horn, the more especially as he desired to take his daughter with him.

Very strange was the contrast between the two men as Baker thus entered the cabin—the one all robustness and health, the other trembling upon the verge of dissolution.

"Is there nothing I can do for you, Mr. Prescott?" asked Baker, bending over the sufferer

with a face which his own strong emotions caused to appear sympathetic.

"Only—to give me air, thank you!" replied the dying passenger.

Baker hastened to open all the ports and passages by which the fresh breeze could be conducted through the low and stifling apartment.

"I—I heard some movement on deck a little while ago," resumed the sufferer, as soon as he could command sufficient strength to speak.

"What has happened, Helen?"

"The men have gone, father—gone in the boat," replied Helen, stroking his damp hair nervously. "We three only remain on the wreck!"

"We three only?"

There was a sharp quaver in the father's voice as he repeated these words.

"Their object in going, sir," volunteered Baker, crouching upon the floor beside the sufferer, "is to seek some island, or to place themselves in the track of some passing vessel, according as they may be favoured or hindered by the wind. I gave them provisions for a week."

The dying man gasped in terror.

"For a week?" he repeated. "Then what is to become of my daughter?"

"I have hidden stores, sir, sufficient for three months to come," answered the schemer. "Miss Prescott, you will please tell your father what you have discovered by your brief visit to the deck."

The girl hastened to do so.

It was evident that this revelation did not impress Mr. Prescott favourably with the character of the man before him.

Indeed, it seemed to give him a new and striking light concerning Baker of such a character as to make him uneasy.

He turned the glances of his hollow and pain-enkindled eyes upon the plotter.

"It would have been better for us all if our dead companions had had the benefit of those provisions."

"Pardon me, sir, if I think differently," returned Baker, quickly. "Did the men who just left us hesitate through any thought of you or your daughter? Did they trouble themselves to ask what is to become of us? Have you seen any signs of self-sacrifice on the part of any of our fellow-passengers?"

"To be sure, misery has hardened us all," admitted the dying merchant.

"The fact is, Mr. Prescott," said Baker, in his most insinuating voice, "I have not hesitated between Miss Prescott and the ignoble creatures by whom we have been surrounded. I made up my mind, long weeks ago, that I would hide enough food to save you and Miss Prescott from starvation. With this same end in view, I have taken care to keep myself as healthy as possible. I have, in short, managed to live in reasonable plenty in the midst of the general famine by which we have been afflicted!"

"Yes—your appearance shows that," said the sufferer, as his glances wandered restlessly over the ruddy face of the plotter. "You planned and toiled for yourself, in the first instance, but also for us. So far as we are concerned, what was your motive?"

Baker hesitated to answer.

Knowing that he had always been an object of aversion to the father and daughter, as well as to his late companions in general, would it be wise or right to tell the dying man of the fierce passion he had conceived for our heroine?

"I'll tell you the secret of Mr. Baker's conduct, father," said Helen, after a brief pause. "He professes to love me, and to desire my hand in marriage!"

The sufferer started at the declaration, and opened his rapidly glazing eyes to their widest extent as he turned them upon his daughter.

"And you, my child?" he gasped. "Is—is this gentleman anything to you—anything whatever?"

"Nothing whatever, father!" was the answer.

"I can never love him!" Baker winced, as if crouching upon red-hot coals.

"Even in that case," he said, in a husky whisper, looking from one to the other, "the fact will not prevent me from endeavouring to rescue Miss Prescott from the horrible doom by which she is threatened."

"That is well said, sir," murmured the dying man, extending his feeble hand to the plotter. "Please accept my best thanks, Mr. Baker. I feel that I am dying—that only a few moments of life are now left me. May I not carry with me into the other world the hope, Mr. Baker, that you will be kind and good to my doubly orphaned daughter?"

"You may indeed, sir," assured the hypocrite pretending to dash from his eye. "I will at least be to her as a devoted brother."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks!"

It was all Mr. Prescott could say.

He lay panting and exhausted, as white as a sheet.

"It can do no harm, Mr. Prescott," said Baker, after a thoughtful pause, "to give you a further assurance of my future devotion to Miss Prescott by telling you who I really am. The name by which you have known me until now is assumed. I am in reality the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in London. In a word, I am the son of the well-known John Grindem."

Had he struck the father and daughter with a club he could not have given them a greater shock than he did with this declaration. They both started violently, and stared at him with a gaze as horror-stricken as if they had been looking at the head of Medusa.

"The son of John Grindem?" repeated the dying merchant, after struggling visibly with his terrible emotions.

"Yes, sir! My real name is not Baker, but the same as my father's—John Grindem!"

The father and daughter continued to stare at him long enough to assure themselves that he was speaking seriously and in good faith, and then they exchanged startled glances, their entire frames trembling with horror.

"What a strange fatality!" then exclaimed the dying merchant. "Know, John Grindem—if such is indeed your name and descent—that it is to your father that I am indebted for my ruin! It was John Grindem who, taking advantage of a mere technical error, gave the first great shock to my credit, and robbed me of over forty thousand pounds. It was through that infamous act of John Grindem that I am now dying in these far Pacific waters, and that I leave my only daughter virtually a beggar."

As hardened as was the soul of John Grindem alias Baker, he could not help recoiling before the fierceness of the emotions evoked by his self-unmasking.

"Pardon me, sir," he stammered. "Permit me to explain—to prove that there is some dreadful mistake—that my father is not guilty of the monstrous wrong—"

The dying man raised his head feebly enjoining silence.

"One moment, Mr. Grindem," he murmured. "Is what you have just told us true? Are you really the son of John Grindem?"

"As certainly, sir, as that your eyes are now upon me."

"Then Heaven—has indeed deserted us. Oh, my daughter! my daughter!"

The white lips moved no more. The uplifted hands fell heavily.

Cortland Prescott was dead. A single wild cry of anguish escaped Helen, and she sank senseless beside him.

"Well, this is really annoying!" muttered John Grindem, after a long stare from one to the other. "Who would have dreamed of such a fatality? Seems to me that I recall that little transaction of father's. This is awkward enough!"

He hastened to bring a basin of water, and set himself to bathing the features of the unconscious maiden.

"How beautiful she is, even with that look of pain, and that death-like paleness," he ejacu-

lated. "Oh, how she has fired my soul! I love her to madness!"

Catching the helpless figure of the girl to his breast, he pressed his burning lips to her white cheeks again and again!

"Lucky the old man has gone," he muttered, with a coarse chuckle, as he placed the girl's head upon a pillow, and hastened to bring a flask of brandy from his state-room and to turn a few drops down her throat. "He is out of my way! She is entirely at my mercy. She may hate John Grindem all she pleases. But she shall none the less be mine! Mine for ever!"

For a long time it seemed as if the soul of our heroine had fled with the soul of her father.

But at last a faint moan attested that the tide of life had turned in her favour.

(To be Continued.)

DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

LABOUR is a school of benevolence as well as justice. A man to support himself must serve others. He must do or produce something for their gratification or comfort. This is one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that to get a living, a man must be useful. Now this usefulness ought to be an end in his labour as truly as to earn his living.

He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for as well as for his own; in so doing, in desiring, amid his sweat and toil to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence as truly as if he were busy in distributing bounty with a large amount to the poor. Such a motive hallows and beguiles the humblest pursuits. It is strange that labouring men do not think more of the vast usefulness of their toils and take a benevolent pleasure in them on this account.

This beautiful city, with its houses, furniture, markets, public walks and numberless accommodations, has grown up under the hands of artisans and other labourers; and might they not take a disinterested joy in their work? One would think that a carpenter or mason in passing a house that he had reared, would say to himself:

"This work of mine is giving comfort and enjoyment every day and every hour to a family, and will continue to be a kindly shelter. A domestic gathering place, an abode of affection for a century or more after I have slept in the dust."

And ought not this to be a satisfaction, to spring upon the tongue? It is by thus interweaving goodness with common labour that we give it strength and make it a habit of soul.

The folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind; even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pernicious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

"BY JINGO."

THE Rev. Isaac Taylor writes, in answer to a letter from Mr. J. H. Blunt, in which he asserts that the derivation of the word "Jingo" cannot be ascertained at present with anything like certainty: "Mr. Blunt will be glad to learn that the word means 'God' in the Basque language, and is used by the Basques as a common adjuration. It probably came to us through Basque sailors—being, I believe, at first a nautical oath. The dialectic forms of the word

are given as Jingo, Jinco, Jainco, Jaincoa, Gincoa, Yinko, and Yainko. See Salaberry, 'Vocabulaire de Mots Basques,' p. 172; and Francisque-Michel, 'Le Pays Basque,' pp. 13, 400, 401, &c. Michel gives instances from popular songs of the use of the word as an adjuration.

"It is an error to suppose that the imprecation, 'You be jiggered,' has any connection with the adjuration, 'By Jingo.' To 'be jiggered,' is an importation from the West Indies, and refers to the suffering caused by the chigoe insect, which burrows in the feet of the barefoot negroes."

MORE THAN A BLUNDER.

"MR. MARK APPLETON, No. 4, Quad." Such was the superscription upon the narrow, pink-tinted, cheap-looking note which the postman threw without ceremony into the student's apartment designated upon it.

A draught from the opposite windows caught the door as he attempted to close it behind him, and the room and its occupants were left open to inspection.

The lace curtains flew at length like pennants in the breeze; the petals from a bunch of roses on the table strewed the floor; magazine covers fluttered, notes of lectures, pencilled problems, bills, memoranda, what not, scattered and whirled.

"Hang it! why don't that fellow ever shut the door?"

The words were uttered in a tone of lazy ill-humour by a young man who sat looking out of the window, a pipe in his mouth, a book open across his knee, gazing in a dissatisfied way out on the college grounds, lovely in its greenery. The young man is a senior of twenty-two. He is muscular, thick-set, dark, heavy-browed, with large, loose lips under a shoe-brush moustache. Just now, in its undress expression, there are mean expressions on his face.

His accepted expression, however, is of vivacity and power.

"A strong face," people said.

"Some brain power there," physiognomists were apt to assert.

His coat was flung in careless, student fashion over the chair beside him—a very good coat—but it is not paid for.

His linen is luxuriously nice; his hand, with which he knocks the ashes from his pipe, white and well shaped.

On his little finger he wore a pretty, old-fashioned gold ring, a lady's ring.

This is Mr. Mark Appleton, the owner of the small pink letter which had just made its entrance upon the scene.

At the sound of his voice Mr. Appleton's chum looked up absently from the desk at which he was writing busily.

"Did you speak, Mark?"

"Speak?—no—not that I know of. Jones has left the door open as usual. See what a mess."

The young man addressed—his name is Luther Jarvis—smiled, and placing a dainty little alabaster paper-weight upon the sheets before him, he got up quietly and closed the door. The curtains subsided, the rose leaves were quiet on the carpet.

"The letter is for you, Mark."

"All right. I'll get it when I want it."

Lute—as his familiars called him—laid the letter on the table in a half-curious, gingerly fashion, and went back to gather up his broken thread of thought.

He also was a senior of twenty-two—a young Adonis in a "swell" grey suit, with sapphire shirt-studs and crimson stockings, with wavy girlish hair and a faint downy pencilling on his fastidious upper lip.

A few minutes later he was intent in touching and retouching his elaborate verses. Lute was the class poet.

Seeing his chum absorbed, Mark Appleton

wheeled his chair cautiously upon two legs, and by the aid of a ruler brought the letter within his reach.

Then furtively retreating, with more than one glance to see if he was observed, he turned the poor little pink note over twice or thrice, and finally broke the seal.

The writing was fine, faint, careful, and the note ran:

"DEAR MR. APPLETON,—

"I am going to trouble you again with my French exercise—you were so kind as to say that I might. Many thanks for your kindness last time. I have nothing new to tell you about myself. When may I hope to see you again?"

"ELEANOR AUBENAY."

The chance expression that had been on the young man's face faded as he read this tame little missive, and a tender, wistful look came over it.

He smoothed the cheap pink paper in a caressing fashion over his knee, and glancing just then toward Lute Jarvis, found the young fellow's eyes fixed intently upon him. Mark's swarthy skin flushed.

"Do you find me an entertaining study, Lute?"

"Beg pardon, Mark, upon my soul I do. But who on earth sent you that letter—and the others like it?"

"No one you will care to hear about."

"I can't believe that. We've weathered it together for four years. I didn't suppose you had a secret from me any more than I have from you. And of all things, Mark, a secret about a girl!"

"Why didn't you suppose it. You've seen the letters come before now."

"That is true. But—dear old boy, I never thought that any girl who could make your eyes shine as they did just now would—write on such paper. You don't mind my saying it, Mark?"

"Say ahead. I'll take you to see the girl some time. She'll stand on her own merits."

Lute Jarvis left the desk and came over beside his chum.

"Mark, I'd have thought of any fellow in the college before you."

"Thought of them how? Hadn't you better look up your rhetoric?" said Mark, peevishly.

"I mean," Jarvis persisted, "that you, so strong and determined and ambitious, would seem to me the most unlikely of us all to be smitten by a girl who—well, who writes on such paper. Don't get mad, Mark. I don't know anything about her. She may be a beauty or a saint. But it is a foregone conclusion—from her note-paper—that she is—common and poor. Now of course I've said it. Knock me down, if you desire."

Mark's face was flushed dark red, and his eyes shone. But his voice did not sound angry.

"I don't know about being 'smitten,' as you call it. I don't know whether she is common or poor. I am not fully settled as to my own feelings—or hers. But I believe, Lute, that I love Eleanor Aubenay."

Lute foresaw a "clean breast" of it now.

"It will spoil everything," he muttered.

"How do you know that?"

"Bless you, Mark Appleton, I know the world a little. Here you are, proud, brilliant, fond of pleasure, extravagant as the—excuse me—with not a shilling to spare for yourself. What do you propose to do?—enter upon a long engagement? Better shoot the girl at once—the most merciful way to get rid of her."

Mark Appleton's lips quivered some during this harangue.

Lute had taken great liberties. But Lute was rich and generous and whole-souled; so true a friend, and withal so unaccustomed to take unfair advantage of his gifts, that his friend felt no resentment. He got up and began to put on his coat.

"Have you ever sketched that birch tree with 'tresses like a dryad,' Lute? We shall have

time to walk to the spot before sundown. Come along."

Lute had rather his friend had railed a little. This calm was ominous.

He felt, however, that he had said all that—perhaps more than was safe.

Mark was nothing if not implacable. Perhaps even now he was taking him off to Dalton Woods to murder and bury him, for what he had said. And so the two started silently along.

It was a delicious afternoon in June. The blue atmosphere, the bluer sky, the widening river, the distant bay; lawns like emerald velvet, gardens gorgeous with colour and spicy with sweet scents.

By-and-bye the open fields, the new-sown earth, woods full of huckleberry and birch bushes, a fire of last year's leaves smoking lazily, fragrant as incense.

The young men made no comment as they tramped steadily on.

They had a five miles walk before them, and for almost the first time in their acquaintance they passed an hour in uninterrupted silence.

A little to their right stood a fine century-old mansion-house, shut in by crowded trees and breast-high hedges.

A long flagged walk led to the solemn door with its iron knocker. The window-shutters were latched and tied. Not a sign of life appeared.

As Mark Appleton opened the gate, rather cautiously, he passed his arm through that of his friend.

"Come along this way, Lute," he said, breaking the silence.

They plunged into a wilderness of snowballs and lilac-bushes, and stole on under their cover—as it appeared to Luther Jarvis—till they came to a trickling brook, to a mossy tumble-down stone wall, and then to the dilapidated orchard which stretched to the sunny opening of a meadow.

There was a fallen tree on the edge of the knoll which sloped toward the meadow. A girl, with her back toward them, was sitting upon it. Lute Jarvis spoke intuitively:

"Eleanor Aubenay!"

"Yes," said Mark, calmly, "that is Eleanor Aubenay."

She heard their steps and voices, rose and turned, started with pleasure at perceiving Mark, and hesitated what to do at the sight of his friend.

She was slender to fragility, plainly, almost poorly dressed.

Her head was nobly shaped, with pale sandy hair wound luxuriantly about it; her complexion was pure and colourless; she had a pair of lovely dove-like grey eyes, and full red lips.

She was intensely spirit-like, a poet's ideal, a creature quite "too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

"It would not have been strange," thought Lute Jarvis, "if I had fallen in love with her. But for Mark—it is absurd. They are too unlike."

"Eleanor," said Mark, approaching her and taking the slim hand she extended shyly, "this is my friend Mr. Jarvis, that I have told you of," adding, drily, "He does not like the note-paper you use."

She blushed slightly. Then Lute's distressed face put her at her ease.

"Beggars can't be choosers, you know, Mr. Jarvis. If it were not for Mary, the housemaid, I should not have even that."

"I perceive that it is my misfortune to have criticised a princess in disguise," said Lute, not sure as to what his chum would say next.

"Oh, no, indeed, not a princess of any sort," she said, earnestly. "Have you been painting me in false colours?" to Mark.

"Not at all," said the young man, throwing himself on the grass. "My chum has a lively imagination, and leaps at conclusions."

"I must certainly plead guilty, Miss Aubenay,



[A LITTLE TREASURE.]

to having leaped at a conclusion during the past five minutes."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Mark, may I tell?"

"I suppose you mean that you have gone back on the opinion you expressed an hour ago."

"Something like that."

"Very well; if you tell this conclusion, I shall tell the other."

At this instant the young girl started forward. From a distant window of the house she had seen a towel shaken violently.

"Aunt Eleanor is awake. I must go at once," she said, walking rapidly away.

Mark sprang up and hastened on beside her.

"Why don't you write me oftener, and longer letters? There is no satisfaction in seeing you, and very little in hearing from you. Come out as early as possible to-morrow. I shall come alone."

They disappeared behind the snowball bushes, and Lute discreetly fell behind.

Their voices dropped to murmurs—then a silence.

"I must go. You know that I must," and as Lute appeared among the shrubbery, Eleanor disappeared among its windings, speeding toward the house.

"Now for the 'tresses like a dryad's,'" said Mark, with assumed gaiety.

"One dryad is enough for the afternoon," returned his friend.

"Very well. Then you may tell me the con-

clusion you were anxious to communicate to Miss Aubenay."

"My conclusion," said Lute, undaunted, "is that Miss Aubenay is exquisite; but pray, Mark, count the cost of your adventure—for her sake and your own."

"As to that, it is all plain as day. I shall marry her next month."

"This was more than Lute could bear.

"Heaven help you both," he cried, "if you make such a blunder."

"Lute Jarvis, I couldn't forgive such a speech from any one but you. Moreover, you don't know what you are talking of. Eleanor is an orphan. She was thrown upon the charity of her great-aunt—the rich Miss Aubenay, and has been brought up by her in the most niggardly fashion; half-clothed, half-fed, half-educated. She takes care of her aunt, who is now a paralytic and cannot live long. There's a saying that every dog will have his day, and Nelly's is to come. She will be her aunt's heir, without doubt; and then, rich, free, happy in my love, she will find out the meaning of life."

Lute Jarvis made no reply.

"Are you jealous, old boy, of my luck?"

"I am not sure, Mark. Why don't you wait a year?"

"Why should we? Eleanor needs a protector. And I, Lute, strange as it seems to you, I am too deeply in love to endure delay."

"How long have you known her?"

"Five whole weeks."

"I don't care to sketch to-night. Let us get on home," said Jarvis, with unusual gravity.

Little further explanation is necessary as to the situation of the parties who were about to commit this blunder.

Mark Appleton had a slim purse, huge ambitions. His tastes were not naturally depraved, but strong. Billiards, cards, smoking.

Where Lute liked a cotillion party in a parlour, Mark went to a ball. And if his chum affected pic-nics, Mark went in for a roystering supper.

Lute thought it over quietly and anxiously, without being able to understand the attraction which this still, star-like girl had for his swarthy, heavy-natured friend.

"They are too unlike," he repeated over and over again. "And if she should not get the old lady's money, it would be a pitiful mistake."

So Lute felt troubled and Mark felt cross, and there was unwonted constraint and silence between them during the last few weeks of their college life.

Meantime Eleanor Aubenay nourished her passion for the young student as a nymph or dryad of the old mythologies may have nourished hers for the god who descended into her solitude and wooed her with amorous defiance.

To be loved; to be longed for, sought for—it was pure bliss. As to results, she was impractical as a child.

When Mark brought his friend, so unlike and yet so charming, her quiet heart was conscious of a fresh bound.

There is no infatuation like that of ignorance. On the morning of Class day Lute knew that his chum had something to say to him which it came hard to say. Finally, as the exercises around the Class-tree were concluded, Mark linked his arm within his chum's.

"You and I have been rather cool of late, Lute, and yet there is no one but yourself of whom I can ask the favour I require."

"You may ask anything honourable of me, Mark."

"Do you think it likely I should ask anything dishonourable?"

"No."

"Why do you cast such insinuations, then?"

"It is not worth while to quarrel, Mark. I suppose you are going to run off with that girl?"

"You are wrong; I am going to marry her—that is all."

"Marry her and leave her where she is? I thought you talked about rescuing and protecting her?"

"I have resolved not to get angry, Lute, so you may say what you choose. If I take her off now, the old lady will of course disinherit her. And as near as I remember, you made poverty an insuperable objection to our union. Don't, therefore, cast reproaches upon me for permitting her to stay and get the money."

"I don't approve of her staying as your wife.

If the aunt is to die soon, as you claim, wait till she is gone."

"Lute, I can't wait. I am going to be frank with you. I am so feverish and unsettled I am good for nothing. I count the hours from the time I leave her till I can see her again. After I have seen her, I am more dissatisfied than ever. I know I talk like an idiot, but some time you will understand me. The girl possesses all my senses and faculties. I don't know how I have gone through the examinations, for all the wits I've got were wool-gathering in a certain orchard slope you know of. I can't wait. I must marry her. That is the sum of it all. Now will you or won't you help me?"

"What do you want of me, Mark?"

"I will tell you. For an hour in the afternoon Eleanor is usually free while her aunt sleeps. During that time she steals out into the orchard. The servant—they have but one—is in our confidence, and gives a signal as soon as the old lady is awake, so that Nell is not missed. This afternoon"—Mark, despite himself, spoke wit! an effort—"we propose to have her sleep rather longer than usual. I have an anodyne prepared carefully—don't imagine it will hurt the old lady! My plan is to have a sail-boat at

the Point, and to be there with Spencer (he has been ordained, you know). I want you to bring Nelly down to join us. We will have a wedding on the water."

He paused.

"And afterwards?" demanded Lute Jarvis.

"Well, afterwards, you and I will have to come back and dance at our Class ball. Will you do it, Lute?"

"Yes—under protest."

"Then we have no time to spare."

Jarvis found Miss Aubenay waiting when he arrived at the orchard wall. She was deathly pale, and her hand was cold as a stone.

She looked most unlike a bride dressed in an old-fashioned blue muslin, with a high comb in her fair hair, her garden hat swinging nervously by the strings.

The young graduate could only apply to her the same term he had used to describe her before. She was exquisite. The most unique and flower-like maiden he had ever seen.

"I have come at Mark's request, Miss Aubenay," he said, rather awkwardly. I hope you may never reproach me for my service."

"How could I?" she said, in a faint, sweet voice.

"Oh, you might easily—should you ever be unhappy?"

"That is strange to say to one who has never before been happy."

He pressed the slim hand he was still holding.

"It is a great risk. I wish I did not see it so clearly," he muttered.

"Why a risk, Mr. Jarvis? Surely you think Mark loves me?" in a shy, startled way.

"He must be made of wood or stone did he not?"

She coloured and her eyes dropped. Lute's gaze of wondering admiration and anxiety was more ardent than he realised.

"I know," she went on, as they walked towards the river, "that I am acting differently from other girls. But my life has been different; all constraint—I might call it imprisonment, and hardship and fault-finding. It is so new and wonderful to have anyone care for me, or think there is anything pleasing about me. It is a strange thing to say, Mr. Jarvis, but when you said something about the risk, I thought to myself that I felt willing to take it. It seems to me that if Mark sometime should—care—less for me than he does now, that I could endure it, because I am so used to enduring."

Lute was horrified at the poor girl's suggestion, which had a sort of clairvoyance in it.

Her lot was so hard that she was throwing herself into the first chance of escape which promised.

"I never can forget from what Mark rescues me," she went on, with a sad smile. "Even if he should some time find fault with me—I know that husbands are different from lovers—but I should be too grateful to resent it."

Some way Luther Jarvis's warm young heart beat with premature pity for the girl beside him.

"Miss Aubenay, I hardly know how to answer you. I have never had my heart so troubled and touched as it is to-day. Allow me to say one thing. Before you form this final compact with Mark, will you not form one with me?—will you not accept me as your friend?"

They were walking more slowly than either was aware along the rocky shore.

Eleanor's fine fair skin was flushing and paling alternately. Her large grey eyes turned with unconscious feeling towards her companion's face.

"You are so kind. It seems some way as though I was walking in Paradise to-day. I think I must have chosen you for a friend already before you asked me—or I should never have said what I have to you."

They were quite alone upon the shore. Only

the waiting yacht rocking with the tide, in sight, at the Point.

Lute took the girl's small cold hand in his and lifted it to his lips.

"May I not, in token of our compact?" he asked.

"I am not a queen that my hand should be kissed," she said, smiling, and blushing and lifting her face to his with the bashful advance of a child.

Lute stooped before he realised his own act and kissed her lips.

Then, frightened at their own act, the two looked guiltily at one another, with new sensations creeping in their veins.

"Miss Aubenay, do not marry my friend."

The girl was crying with agitation.

"You are not a true friend, Mr. Jarvis. I will take back my compact," she said, reproachfully.

"I will leave my cause to time," Lute answered, unflinchingly. Then abruptly, "Control yourself, for Heaven's sake, Miss Aubenay! Mark is watching us through his spy-glass from the deck."

"It seems that weddings can wait—in your opinion," was Mark's fierce greeting as he met them on the pier. He was evidently excited. "You two seem to have found your walk here very agreeable. I am sorry I could not have shared your interesting conversation."

"Don't, Mark, pray," plead Lute. "Miss Aubenay is greatly excited, as who can wonder? I am sorry that I had anything to do with this day's work. Once more, Mark, for my sake, wait."

Mark disdained a reply.

He walked on in advance with his betrothed.

If reason could at any time have reached him through his blinding passion, it could not now when an impulse of ferocious jealousy had crushed every sentiment but the desire of possession.

The marriage service was read as soon as the vessel got under way.

Then under the awning of the deck a dainty lunch was served. The sun was sinking; the air growing cool.

Eleanor shivered in her thin dress, and Mark took her below to the cabin.

The young minister, who had lately been a fellow-student, and Luther Jarvis remained on deck.

"I wish, Spence, that I had never taken any of the responsibility of this job," Lute remarked.

"So do I. I don't know how I got led into it."

"She's a nice girl."

"Stunning. Mark knows what he's about."

"I don't think he does. That's the misfortune. He has acted more like a young savage than a sensible man."

"What time shall we get back?"

"I don't know. The wind has fallen."

"The wind always does what it shouldn't when I'm on board a yacht."

"Luckily we have plenty of cigars."

It was eleven o'clock, and the sky was starless, when the yacht bearing the bridal party once more reached the pier at the Point. The Class ball would hardly keep up after midnight, and it was necessary for Lute to put in an appearance and make such apologies as he could for his chum and himself.

He and Spencer, therefore, took one direction, while Mark and his bride retraced the way which Lute and Eleanor had traversed during the afternoon.

Eleanor was silent and trembling.

Their unexpected detention filled her with apprehension.

She could only hope that her aunt might have slept from the effects of the opiate. Clinging to Mark's arm, they walked quickly along the beach.

A sharp curve brought them at length in sight of her home.

She and Mark stopped short with an irrepressible cry.

The cloudy sky was lighted with flames. The air grew dense with smoke. And at the moment the fire-alarm wailed its dolorous toll on the midnight air.

The two hastened forward, too late for anything but to witness the scene.

The old house with its romances and relics burned exultantly.

The fire had gained such headway that it must burn out.

And the inmates?

The crowd put the question with horror to each other. There were three women in the household.

They must have burned in their beds!

Instead of three, there were, as we know, but two.

As to whether those two burned in their beds or out of them there was none to bear record.

The tired servant nodding over her fatal candle; the old woman sleeping heavily from her drug—Eleanor could imagine their situation—nothing more.

The old Aubenay homestead burned to the ground.

In the grey summer dawn the sole surviving Aubenay—no longer bearing the name—stood sick with excitement, ghastly as the ashes, clinging to Mark Appleton's arm, beside the ruins.

There was no motive now for concealing the marriage.

Mark took his bride to a neighbouring hotel.

There was a formal funeral over what the cremation had left of mistress and maid, and by-and-bye a rusty old lawyer was discovered in his rusty retirement who had been Miss Aubenay's man of business.

A will?

Oh, certainly he had the will, and with much circumspection he brought the paper forth. It had been drawn ten years before, during the first year of Eleanor's residence under her roof, and it devised and bequeathed to her niece the sum of one hundred pounds, "which would enable her to live respectably."

The remainder of the property, which, after all, was not large, was left to various charitable organisations.

Well, Mark contested the will, spent Eleanor's legacy and the two or three thousands with which he expected to prosecute his law studies in lawyers' fees and board bills; brought in a claim for his wife's services during ten years, and was worsted.

Miss Aubenay and her rusty lawyer had been too many for him.

"Fix it strong," the old lady had commanded the maker of the document. "The girl will marry some jackanapes one of these days, who will be snooping about after my money—but he won't get it."

And the rusty lawyer had "fixed it strong" accordingly.

Mark was defeated. It was exasperating.

The summer was past and the harvest was ended, and the young man had his penniless wife, his debts and his incomplete education with which to begin the battle of life. It was in December that the following letter reached him in the city where he had accepted a clerkship, and where he and Eleanor were living quite humbly:

"DEAR OLD FELLOW:—I have given over expecting to hear from you, yet from force of habit I continue to write. I cannot leave the country without making a final effort to elicit some news of your goings on—I am uncertain how much you may know of mine, so I will begin where we left off.

"On reaching our rooms Class-day night, I found a despatch which had been waiting me several hours, announcing the extreme illness of my sister, telling me to come home at once. I took the four o'clock train south, and it was not until some weeks later that I learned of the evil news which awaited you and yours, also

that night. Meantime my dear sister recovered slowly, and nearly my whole time through the summer was devoted to her.

"In October my father accepted the consulate to — which was tendered him some months back. He has appointed me his private secretary, and we are all booked to sail the fifth of this month. I am not going to make any protestations, Mark, of friendship or affection either to yourself or your wife. I leave all to the test of time and circumstances. Meantime I am at least your old chum. LUTY."

Mark did not answer the letter. Luty's prognostication had come too true.

Its memory was too fresh and bitter.

"A commonplace, hard-worked, disappointed man."

Yes, that was it precisely.

Mark grew strong, dark, and saturnine day by day as time wore on.

Happiness? What was there to be happy about?

Living in a few rooms, meagrely furnished, on poor fare.

"If I could only help you!" the young wife said; "but there is nothing I know how to do but to make home comfortable, and you don't seem to care for that, Mark."

"I am always telling you, Eleanor, not to mind about what I care for. I shall get along all right."

And Mark did get along.

He told himself that he must keep up his spirits for his daily work, so he dropped in for a game of billiards, or went to see an opera or a play during the long winter evenings.

Eleanor, who had always been accustomed to endure, made no reproaches when he came surlily home.

Finally Mark made a "hit." It was only a stump speech at a political meeting. But it showed "stuff." His party took him up. He got honorary positions. He distinguished himself. He attained an office. He was a rising man. After all, water will find its level. Mark had found his true sphere.

Riding home one afternoon, on his way from some official inspection, one of his fellow-inspectors remarked, with a cordial slap on the shoulder:

"I say, Appleton, you're getting on fine, you know?"

Mark acknowledged the compliment with a nod.

"You need only one thing now, and that is an influential wife."

Mark started slightly.

It was not known, to be sure, that he was married—there had been no need of publishing the fact—but the remark decidedly embarrassed him.

"I am not a marrying man," he answered, stiffly.

"Quite likely. But a judge's daughter or a lord's niece helps a young man up wonderfully. I was married long ago. Got a nice little woman. But, if I were you—"

No response from Mark.

"If I were you I'll tell you what I'd do?" interrogatively.

A contemptuous nod for encouragement.

"Well, there's Lafarge—keeps open house. Meet everybody there. And what Mrs. L. says that he does. Now, if I were you I'd get in with the Lafarges."

"How?" from Mark, with his eyes dropped.

"Oh, I can introduce you any time. Get on the right side of Mrs. L., and you'll find clear sailing. You're just her style, too, if I don't mistake."

"Is she a young woman?"

"You don't want to know anything about a woman's age, Ap, when you're going to find her useful. She's young enough, if you only make her think so. There are daughters, I believe, but the mother is your card."

Mark was dressed in his best, a rosebud even in his button-hole.

He had no excuse, and perhaps the advice was worth following.

"Very well. A short call, of course."

It was between seven and eight o'clock, and the Lafarges were having coffee in the drawing-room.

There were a dozen or more people assembled when Mark and his friend entered.

The rooms were gorgeous with gilding and mirrors, blazing with light, fragrant with hot-house flowers.

The company were disposed at ease in groups, chatting over their Sevres teacups.

Before the sea-coal fire stood a spirited, imperial sort of woman, tall, voluble, extravagantly dressed, conversing with two or three gentlemen who were apparently disputing one another's claims to her attention.

To her Mark was speedily introduced as Mrs. Lafarge.

In the back parlour behind the silver service a girl—a youthful likeness of her handsome mother—was carrying on an incipient flirtation.

There was something vastly inspiring and familiar in the scene. Mark felt himself at his best.

How much pleasanter than the dull sitting-room, and the dull wife to whom he had been going.

An hour later the groups in Mrs. Lafarge's drawing-room had increased and enlarged. The rooms were nearly full.

It chanced to be Mrs. Lafarge's reception evening. It grew quite late, but Mark had had as yet no chance to make any impression on his hostess.

Now that he had put his hand to the plough, he must not go without being asked to come again.

One of the young girls present was playing a waltz as he chanced to stand beside the hostess. The measure was good, and a tiny glass of sherry from the buffet had quickened his pulses.

"Is waltzing heterodoxy, Mrs. Lafarge?"

"We have no doxies here, Mr. Appleton."

"Then shall we set the example?"

"By all means."

She yielded her slim, supple waist to his arm, and they waltzed down the spacious rooms together.

The example was speedily followed, and it was past midnight before the impromptu ball broke up.

"I shall count upon you for our Monday evenings, Mr. Appleton. You have saved this one from being fearfully dull," Mrs. Lafarge condescended, as Mark was bowing good-night.

"I cannot imagine an evening in your society as dull, Mrs. Lafarge."

"All right. Keep coming till you find out. Oh, by the way, are you going to the crush at the Howards on Thursday?"

"I have not the honour of being asked."

"Oh, I thought everybody was asked," laughing and showing her fine teeth. "Drop in here about ten, if you feel like going. Soph and Ethel are going, and we'll be glad of another man to forage for us at supper-time."

"You are started on the right track now, Appleton, see if you ain't," was the remark of Mark's new friend as they stepped into the silent street. "I expected you'd cut a figure when I took you in."

"Good-night to you," snarled Mark. "I turn here."

Five years elapsed. It is once more June.

In a luxurious private office, carpeted and frescoed, are sitting two young men who have changed but little, and that for the better, since they sat in their college quarters so long before.

"At last we are alone," said Luther Jarvis. "How little I expected, Mark, to find you so eminent and influential. Not that I ever underrated you, old fellow, but you have accomplished so much in so few years, it seems fabulous. Rank and power and means which cost others a lifetime. But no matter for compliments between us—tell me all about your wife. Have you never forgiven me that kiss I took on your wedding-day? Is that the reason you have never mentioned her in your letters?"

Mark turned uneasily in his chair and dropped his voice.

"It will strike you as odd, Lute, but it is not known that I have a wife."

"Not known?"

"Why, hang it, Lute, I haven't committed murder. You see we were awful poor at first, and after I got into politics I found I must mix in society. And as I couldn't take Eleanor, it seemed best to say nothing about her. I was so young no one suspected I was married, and no questions were asked. Well, I don't say I did right, but after I got into it, it seemed so difficult to get out. I blame Eleanor, too, for she heard some foolish gossip, and cut up so about it that I just took myself off."

"Then you don't live with her?"

"Well no. The truth is, she is in such a morbid state no one could live with her. I make her comfortable. She is in a physician's family, and under their care."

"Good heavens! not crazy?"

"Really, Lute, you take my affairs seriously. These unhappy sort of women are more or less crazy, all of them."

"I was startled, Mark. Pray forgive me. Should you mind my calling on your wife?"

"Of course not."

"Then I will do so."

"Here is the address. I don't know how it may affect her to meet you. I promised the Lafarges to bring you into dinner at six."

He seized the card and hastened away.

For five years he had loved Eleanor Aubenay. For five years he had tortured and schooled himself to feel that he must live without her. For her sake, the fairest and most favoured had come and gone like shadows over the water.

And he returned to find her an ignored, rejected wife. Crazy? Perhaps she might be, but he would restore her.

His heart beat so that he heard it as he hurried along the street.

His difficulties were not over when he reached his destination. Dr. Otis, who had the care of Mrs. Aubenay, as he was called, declined to admit any visitor except by Mr. Appleton's permit.

He was obliged to return to Mark's office to obtain it.

"I daresay she is pretty bad, or the doctor would not have objected," said Mark, languidly.

"Of course you will write the permit?"

"Wait till to-morrow. It won't do to keep dinner waiting, and it is now five o'clock."

"I must go on to-night. I would like to see Eleanor once more, Mark. I hope you will do me the favour."

"Really, Lute, I assure you it would be no satisfaction to you, and I remember now that it was my agreement that she was to have no visitors."

Luther Jarvis stood steadily and faced his old chum.

"I will see Eleanor to-night, Mark, or I will expose you to-morrow to the community."

"Upon my soul, you are trying on heroics. Well, here, go and see the poor lunatic, if you will," and he wrote the permit.

Lute examined it carefully, and thus armed returned to Dr. Otis' residence.

The result was that neither he nor his sister left town that night.

Mark was not glad to receive him next morning at an early hour.

"Eleanor is sane as you or I, Mark," he said, calmly. "But she needs change. My sister will be glad of her company for a few weeks. Are you willing she should accompany us home?"

"You found her comfortable—I am glad to hear it," equivocated Mark.

"By no means comfortable, but not in the least crazy."

"I think it unwise to move her about."

Luther stood up again, with his sharp hawk glance.

Mark cowered, and did not let him repent his threat.

"But if you care to go to all the trouble."

"Certainly. All I need is your permit. You are her legal guardian."

"You are the same soft-hearted fellow, I see, Lute. And really I appreciate your kindness to poor Nelly. I have promised myself time and again to give her a quiet jaunt, or some sort of change. But when a man gets into this maelstrom of politics, there's no chance except to whirl on—eh, Lute?"

"It's all right, Mark," Jarvis forced himself to utter, as he turned away.

A twelvemonth later in opposite boxes at the theatre of a brilliant benefit night, saw two familiar parties.

A black-browed man grown rather coarse and pompous with his sense of success, between two handsome women, mother and daughter, and, strange to say, rivals in his good graces.

Opposite, sitting back in the shadow of the curtains, a brown-bearded, distinguished-looking gentleman beside a lady at whom many glances were levelled as she shone like a star somehow, amid the draperies of black tulle which enhanced the dazzling purity of her skin, and became the divine expression of endurance which made her face like that of the Cenci.

"And that is really the famous author, your classmate—eh, Mark?" said Mrs. Lafarge, surveying the pair without scruple.

"Yes," said the risen politician, with a wince.

"And his wife, I understand, was divorced from someone a few months ago to marry him."

"So I understand." R. H.

FACETIE.

DR. FITCAIN'S WAY OF ASKING FOR SNUFF.

"MADAME, permit me to emerge the summits of my digits in your pulveriferous utensil, to excite a grateful titillation in my olfactory nerves."

"A BEARDESS BUOY."—The one at the Nore!
—Judy.

AN IRISHMAN, showing off before a stay-at-home countryman, boasted that when he lived at Dundee he could always get a cup of Tay for nothing.
—Fan.

BOUND IN RUSSIA.—Siberian exiles.
—Fun.

SELF-CONTRADICTORY FACT.

WHEN you have spent your last florin you can boast of a lack of rupees.
—Fun.

AS PER INN-VOICE.—Yessir.
—Fun.

"THE PARADISE OF BIRDS."—Lots of crumbs and no cats.
—Fun.

THE EEL'S ADVICE TO THE ELVES.—Don't get into a stew.
—Fun.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

A HANDSOME clergyman is physically incapable of taking an appointment as chap(p)lain.
—Fun.

SHLOCKISH!

A "ROUND" of Flesh.—The village pound with two cows and a pig in it!

STATISTICS.

METROPOLITAN POLICE.—The accounts showing the sums received and expended for the Metropolitan Police, police superannuation fund, and police courts during the year which ended March 31, 1878, have been published as a Parliamentary paper. The total receipts for the service of the Metropolitan Police were £1,171,541, and the expenditure £1,075,237. The principal receipts were £431,728 from the Parliamentary vote; £525,626 from local rates; £105,709 received for special services of the police at the Royal residences, public offices, and courts; £15,262 from public companies and private persons; £1,220 from theatres; and £24,372 from proprietors, drivers, and conduc-

tors of public carriages. Superannuation allowances amounting to £131,667 were made from the police superannuation fund to 3,162 pensioners, and gratuities to the amount of £4,001 were given to 74 constables. The sum of £99,339 was contributed from the general fund of the Metropolitan Police to cover the deficiency of the superannuation fund. The total receipts of the Metropolitan police courts during the year, including £11,135 derived from penalties and forfeitures levied at the courts were £60,009. The expenditure was £59,827. On January 1 last the Metropolitan Police Force consisted of 4 district superintendents, 25 superintendents, 270 inspectors, 1,051 sergeants, and 9,009 constables.

BETRAYED.

'Twas far in a dell where the wild flowers spring,

A sweet little maiden there grew,
And softly the birds their carols would sing
To the flowers wrap'd in pearly dew.
And fair was the maiden whose beauty unheeded

Grew brilliant, yet modest and shy,
Contented and happy whose life was a pleasure,
Whose path had ne'er caused her a sigh.

But one cruel day a stranger came
And saw Lucy Gray in the dell,
And her maiden heart too soon did inflame

With a love, that loved only too well.
Scenes once unlooked at, grew beautiful and fair,

Had charms always pleasant to see,
And the little birds sang a different air
As they flitted from tree to tree.

Her poor little heart had thoughts but for one,

And he had a manly face,
But the joy was short-lived, the betrayer was gone,

Leaving sorrow so sad in his place.
Yes, he cast her aside like a poor faded blossom,

While trusting and faithful was she,
And sore was the blight that fell on her bosom,

Whose spirit was once gay and free.

Her young and lithe form once proud and erect,

Soon languid and listless was seen,
And flowers she once tended and glad to protect

Missed the form that was with them each e'en.

But she spoke not the name of the man who deceived her,

But silent kept brooding so lone
Till death which was welcome of trouble relieved her,

Her spirit was glad to be gone.

Now sweet little flowers and willows weep o'er

Her last resting-place in the shade,
Where father and mother were laid just before,

As flowers were beginning to fade.
But within the cold tomb no woes do harass her,

No vows do the lover impart.
But her love still as pure has found a possessor

Who gladly heals the broken heart.

S. B. N.

GEMS.

THERE are persons who may be called fortunate, if not elect—namely, those who, from the felicity of their natural constitution, desire only what is good, who act from love, and

show pure morality in their actions. In these happy beings, the superior feelings predominate much over those common to man and animals.

MOST persons talk too much. Reform is needed in some quarters. In society, silence is held to be quite ill-mannered, and entertainers and entertained are obliged to keep up the form and sound of conversation. How many persons say things they must talk! Scandal gets wing in this way where there is no malice. Why should there not be a fellowship of looking at pictures, at books, at nature, at one another? What natural necessity is there for the tongue to be the one essential organ of social feeling?

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

SCALLOPED VEAL.—The rule is the same as for scalloped oysters, and may be used for cooking any kind of cold meat, and when crackers cannot conveniently be had, a good dish may be made of it by substituting bread crumbs for cracker crumbs. Put a layer of cracker crumbs in the bottom of a pudding-dish; wet this with milk; cover with a layer of finely-chopped veal; season the meat with salt and pepper, and other flavouring if you choose, and scatter bits of butter over it; then put a layer of cracker crumbs wet with milk, another of seasoned meat, and so on alternately, finishing with a layer of crackers, mixed with a beaten egg; cover, and place it in the oven for about half an hour; then remove the cover, and allow it to bake a nice brown.

CURE FOR SCRATCHES.—Wash the sores thoroughly with warm, soft water and castile soap; then rinse them off with clear water, after which rub dry with a cloth. Now, grate up some carrots (about a pint after grated), and bind them on the sores. The best way to bind it on is to take a cloth and wrap it around the sores, letting the lower edge come close down to the hoof; then tie a cord around the lower end, after which put the grated carrot into the opening at the top of the cloth, press it down around the sores, then tie another cord around the top of the cloth, a little above the fetlock. This should be repeated every day for four or five days, when the scratches will be cured. Try this, all who doubt it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN exhibition of Fine Arts has been opened at Rouen; it closes Nov. 15. A marble statue of Hercules, from the museum formed by M. Guarnacci, at Volterra, in Tuscany, is on view at 22, Wigmore Street.

THE BICYCLE INTEREST.—At Coventry the weekly wages paid to the makers of bicycles amount to from £1,500 to £2,000. About a million sterling is invested in plant and machinery in the trade. London has 10,000 bicycles, and about five times the number are to be found in the provinces. The value of the bicycles that the country possess is between £600,000 and £800,000.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works have resolved upon applying to Parliament for an extension until the year 1900 of the coal and wine dues upon the present basis, so as to provide the means for the erection of a new bridge over the Thames at the Tower.

JULY has been a terrible hot month in England, but in America the heat has during the same period been marked by an intensity of which we can hardly form any conception. According to a recent telegram, the weather in the Mississippi valley has been intolerable, the thermometer averaging from 90 to 102 degrees in the shade, and occasionally reaching as much as 110 degrees. In St. Louis no fewer than 1,500 persons were affected by the heat, of whom 150, or 10 per cent. died. Most kinds of public work and business were, we are told, generally suspended, or done at night.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. E. C.—Apply to a bookseller, giving him the missing numbers.

MARGUERITE.—We cannot conscientiously recommend you a "golden hair dye." Be satisfied with what Nature has given you. If not content, apply to a hairdresser.

AMBROSE M.—You could get all particulars by applying at any naval station—Portsmouth, for instance, or at any of the shipping agents in the neighbourhood of the Tower.

S. J. W.—We are constantly reminding our readers that we make no charge for correspondence on this page.

R. A.—A good harness dressing may be made of neat-foot oil one gallon, and lamp-black four ounces, stirred well together.

FRYE.—The only means of removing superfluous hair effectually is to eradicate it by means of small forceps made for the purpose.

ETTY B.—The name of Gertrude is from the German, and signifies "all truth."

NED.—Eugene Sue was born at Paris in 1807. He was the son of an eminent surgeon. His most successful works were "The Wandering Jew" and the "Mysteries of Paris."

A CONSTANT READER.—It is polite to offer a lady your card without being asked for it.

KATY.—You must forward the MSS. to the Editor, with name and address.

IGNOR.—1. The cheapest route to Havre would be to come to London and take a passage in one of the vessels that sail from the Thames. 2. A poor man can live in France on a little more than half it costs him here.

Lodgings are also a little cheaper. 3. How long it will take to acquire the French language when living there will entirely depend on your own brain-power. A man of ordinary intelligence could learn and speak common French in about nine months. To acquire the true Parisian accent is another matter.

R. N.—See answer to "Ambrose M."

ALF.—Galatea was a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus and Doris. She loved a shepherd named Acis, and was beloved by the Cyclops Polyphemus.

WALTER.—Your first communication must have miscarried.

S. V.—It is merely a coincidence that two persons should have hit upon the same word, which is one likely to strike a writer as being suitable to apply to one of the creations of his imagination.

HENRY.—The questions contained in your note are beyond our province.

MARIA.—The lines you have sent us are very good, and marked by a proper sentiment, which will, we think, be generally appreciated.

JOE.—You can obtain what you desire at any ironmonger's shop.

S. T.—The quotation is from "Hamlet." It should be written in the following style:

"Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

Many persons misquote a portion of the passage by saying "heart of hearts," as you have done.

Mrs.—We have no knowledge of the company referred to.

W. T.—Oxford, by road, is 54 miles from London, and Cambridge 51.

S. H.—Pressure of editorial matter may occasionally require some such suspension of a story as that indicated in your letter.

TRD.—The sudden death of James Renforth took place on the 23rd of August, 1871, while rowing in the Anglo-Canadiana race at New Brunswick.

W. M.—Your letter, we should think, has been misdirected, for it contains no questions, but relates apparently to some matter of business with which we have nothing to do.

PAT.—To speak frankly we must say that as far as we can tell it is not in our power to render you any assistance.

DICK.—Leave that matter to the decision of the young lady.

R. and O., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. R. is nineteen, domesticated, fond of music. O. is twenty-two, good-tempered.

LAURA, seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman loving and fond of home.

N. G. and H. R., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. N. G. is twenty-two, of medium height, fair, loving. H. R. is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking.

RICHAR, nineteen, dark hair, hazel eyes, dark, tall, good-tempered, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about eighteen.

E. B., twenty-two, tall, dark blue eyes, fair, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-five, dark hair and eyes.

C. T., L. G., and F. M., three friends, would like to correspond with three young ladies. C. T. is nineteen, of a loving disposition, light hair, hazel eyes. L. G. is twenty-one, dark, medium height, fond of home. F. M. is nineteen, tall, dark, brown hair, fond of home and music. Respondents must be about nineteen, of loving dispositions.

A. D., twenty-two, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be about twenty-five, dark, fond of home, and blue eyes.

MIRIAM, twenty-four, fond of home and children, loving, golden hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-eight, dark hair, brown eyes, good-looking, medium height, fond of home and children.

DORA and TILLY, two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Dora is twenty-one, fair, fond of home. Tilly is eighteen, fair, fond of children.

BY-AND-BYE.

The North-wind went down through the valley,
With King Crystal Frost, hand-in-hand,
Till the wall of the anfering quivered
Through pitiful homes in the land.

Even rich men went grumbling and growling
With many a protest and cry,
While Boreas whistled, "Oh, mortals,
You'll pray for my breath by-and-by."

Six months sped the year into summer,
The earth lay asleep in the sun,
While South-wind with languid caresses
Kissed softly the chaplet new won.

The sunbeams came downward, like lances
Through haze, all the earth waved dim,
Leaves drooped like sick people disconcerted,
Till the sun touched the hills' purple rim.

Little children, too frail for its fervour,
Crept under the sheltering sod,
And three score and ten sought the shadow
That roots in the cool riven clod.

Stout health hid away from its breathing,
Sweat labour dropped out of its track,
And then came the earnest petition:
"Oh, beautiful North-wind, come back!"

"Come back!" with thy bluff, hearty greeting
Displace the soft South-wind from power;
Sweep back all the mist from the valley,
And lift up the faint-hearted flower."

How he laughed as he soared down the valley,
And whistled and sang in his glee;
"I told you so, mortals! Remember,
Don't grumble next winter at me,"

L. R.

M. E. L. and E. S. W., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. M. E. L. is nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall. E. S. W. is twenty, dark, black eyes, medium height.

L. H. and G. D., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. L. H. is nineteen, fair, dark hair and eyes, tall. G. D. is twenty-one, good-looking, dark hair and eyes.

Z. F. and C. H., two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Z. F. is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. C. H. is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and very fond of music.

SUSAN and DIANA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Susan is twenty, tall, dark. Diana is eighteen, loving, fair, thoroughly domesticated. Respondents must be about twenty.

A. C. and M. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. A. C. is nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music, of a loving disposition. M. L. is twenty-two, light hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children.

LOUISE LOUIE, twenty-one, thoroughly domesticated, dark hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-two, medium height, dark eyes, fond of home.

LUCE and LYDIA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Luce is thirty-two, medium height, dark hair and eyes. Lydia is twenty-three, tall, light blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated. Respondents must be about the same age.

J. A. S., tall, fair, dark hair, hazel eyes, good-tempered, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty, dark hair and eyes, medium height, good-looking, of a loving disposition.

ALBERT A., tall, brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady about eighteen.

GIMBLY and FLOWER BALL, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Gimbly is twenty, good-looking, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children. Flower Ball is twenty-one, fair, loving. Respondents must be good-looking, dark hair and eyes.

WALTER, thirty, medium height, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-three with a view to matrimony.

M. F. and W. A., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. M. F. is twenty-one, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, good-tempered. W. A. is seventeen, dark brown hair, blue eyes, medium height, of a loving disposition.

FRED, twenty-five, would like to correspond with a dark young lady about nineteen.

A. Z., twenty-four, dark, handsome, would like to correspond with a young lady about his own age. Must be fond of home.

CHARLIE and DICK, two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Charlie is tall, dark, fond of home and children. Dick is good-looking, tall, fond of home.

B. G., nineteen, dark, handsome, fond of children, £1,500 a year, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age, dark, pretty, tall, of a loving disposition.

MARY ANN and ANNE MARY, two friends, wish to correspond with two young men. Mary Anne is of medium height, brown hair, grey eyes. Anne Mary has brown hair and eyes, tall.

M. N. L., nineteen, good-looking, would like to correspond with a loving young man with a view to matrimony.

GRETCHER, twenty-three, brown hair, hazel eyes, tall, domesticated, fond of music, good-tempered, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be twenty-four, fond of home, fair, loving.

L. C. D., twenty-four, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, and medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be good-looking.

C. M., nineteen, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about the same age, fond of home.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

G. H. S. G. is responded to by—Jane, eighteen, fair, brown hair, dark eyes.

W. F. C. by—Elizabeth, nineteen, black hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children.

ANNIE by—Condenser, twenty-three, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, medium height.

ELLEN by—Anvil, twenty-two, dark.

ALFRED by—Penelope, sixteen, medium height, dark hair, hazel eyes, loving.

MIRIAM by—Arthur.

A. M. by—Trifle, twenty, dark, medium height, fond of home.

R. B. by—Clarrie, nineteen, dark.

AMERICAN PLANTER by—E. H. D., twenty-one, medium height, fair.

JENNIE by—J. F. C., twenty-eight.

A. E. C. by—W. H.

MISS L., twenty-three, dark, domesticated, fond of home.

GERTRUDE S. L. by—Walter, twenty-two, fond of home, of a loving disposition.

DINA by—Jew Bag, twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, tall.

T. by—Evelyn, twenty, brown hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music.

B. by—Isabel, twenty-one, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, domesticated.

WILLIE by—Fanny, nineteen, fair, medium height, fond of home and children.

JACKIE by—Bertha, twenty, of a loving disposition, and dark.

H. G. by—Wathy, twenty-four, curly hair, blue eyes, dark.

Y. L. by—Mac, twenty-three, dark eyes.

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